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THE GREAT DRIBBLETON CRICKET MATCH.

I.

THE South Downshire militia, or, as the members of that distinguished body of national defence preferred to hear themselves styled, The South Downshire Queen's Own Light Infantry, were in the full swing of their annual summer training at their usual quarters, Dribbleton; and Dribbleton was in the midst of the excite-

ment and enthusiasm with which that event was invariably attended. The South Downshire Queen's Own Light Infantry was not a regiment prone to disparage its military effectiveness or soldier-like capacity. It prided itself upon the *personnel* of its officers and the superiority of its recruits; and there was more than one gentleman having

the honour of a commission in this distinguished corps, who considered the fact ample justification for the assumption of a very pronounced military air for the remainder of the eleven months, when the South Downshire militia men had doffed the arms of war, or donned the toga or smock frock of peace, as well as during the period of the yearly training itself. It was vastly instructive and not a little entertaining to note how Lieutenant Pifkins, when he had returned from the camp to the counting desk, could not divest himself of the martial atmosphere in which he had lately spent four weeks. Pifkins was full of theories as to what the government ought to do if they really wished to establish a reserve force that was good for anything. For himself he had small faith in the volunteers—between your thoroughbred militia man and the mere rifle corps volunteer there is a deadly antagonism; he did not mean to say that they were not a deserving body of men. Nor that, at a pinch, something might not be made out of them; what they wanted was technical knowledge, and that a militia training alone could give. Invasion of England: battle of Dorking: Pifkins had no patience with these fancies. Supposing the Prussian fleet was in sight of England; supposing that the soldiers of the Rhine had already effected a landing upon the coasts of Albion—what would Pifkins do? Why the militia would have been enrolled and the country was as good as saved. But here Pifkins would cause his fist to descend with a patriotic thump on the mahogany of his desk; and his fellow clerks would grin to each other and remark that to get a rise out of 'Piffy' was as good as a play.

If the inhabitants of Dribbleton

and its neighbourhood had been polled, it would have been discovered that a very large majority would have expressed profound belief in, and unlimited admiration for, the South Downshire militia. The shop-keeping interest of Dribbleton said they were excellent soldiers for all purposes of trade. An enterprising grocer had concocted a fish sauce, which he called the Militia Relish. The publicans of Dribbleton declared that the militia men were fine fellows, and drank like fishes, which latter they certainly did. Signor Smithio, the local music master, had dedicated a set of quadrilles to the colonel and the officers of the South Downshire Queen's Own Light Infantry. The feminine population of Dribbleton swelled the choros of praise, from the daughters of the highest civic functionary in Dribbleton down to the humblest maid-of-all-work. The gentlemen of Dribbleton took rather a different view of the case. They went even so far as to say that it was an unmitigated nuisance to have the town annually invaded by a host of red-coated ragamuffins who never seemed to be on duty, and who were usually more or less intoxicated when they were off. With these critics even the officers of the regiment found but little favour: 'a set of stuck-up puppies,' was the verdict of the Dribbletonian public; 'a lot of sweeps bar none,' was the scarcely cordial judgment of the Dribbletonian militia officers. As a matter of fact, the men of the South Downshire Queen's Own Light Infantry was a very pleasant gathering, and its members very favourable specimens of the class which they represented. Mars went hand in hand with Mercury; for Dribbleton is situated in the thick of the manufacturing district of South Down-

shire, and the commissioned officers of the Dribbleton militia mostly devoted their time, when off duty, to the following of strictly commercial pursuits. Not that the talk of the mess ever touched upon commercial topics; on the contrary, it was intensely military. But it was something else than military; it was cricketing also; and cricket balls shared with cannon balls the conversational honours of the day.

For the simple reason that cricket was a game to which the inhabitants of Dribbleton and the neighbourhood were enthusiastically devoted; for South Downshire, like many of the midland counties, though primarily a manufacturing district, was pre-eminently a cricketing district as well. The party feeling of the Dribbletonian males against the officers of the South Downshire militia was pretty much condensed and concentrated in the Dribbleton cricket club. When the militia officers were not in the field the members of the D. C. C. were, so far as the ladies of Dribbleton were concerned, undisputed masters of the position. They made the running how and as they liked: gave balls, and organized picnics. The canvas dances of the D. C. C. were highly popular, and the field in which the D. C. C. played was a rendezvous and promenade for all the rank, beauty, and fashion of the town and its environs. It was only during the period of the annual monthly training of the South Downshire militia that the D. C. C. sustained any diminution of its prestige, or any decrease of its customary splendour. The drilling ground rivalled the attractions of the cricket ground; and the heroes of the willow had to hold their own against the wearers of the sword. But the members of the D. C. C. found

considerable satisfaction in the knowledge that they could generally make sure of their revenge in the annual match that was played between the militia and the South Elevens, for the Dribbleton team was invariably a strong one. For three years in succession had the Dribbletonians vanquished their opponents, and on two of these occasions with the whole innings to spare. The South Downshire Queen's Own Light Infantry had quite made up their minds that they would not incur defeat again. Something must be done. The only question was what that something should be. It only wanted a week now of the match, and their officers were painfully conscious of the fact that their team was palpably inferior to that which they knew their opponents were capable of bringing into the field.

It only wanted, as we have said, a week of the great match, and Dribbleton was already speculating on the event with much keenness, for it was known that both sides were on their mettle. It so happened that a garden party was being given on the 19th of June—the 26th was the day fixed for the contest—by Mr. Millicloth, one of the Dribbleton magnates, who had a very charming place just outside the town, at which all the militia officers, and most of the members of the Dribbleton Eleven, were present. Pleasant fellows enough all of them. Chaff and flirtation were both rife; but though the badinage which was exchanged by the rival cricketers was, to all appearance, good-natured enough, it was not difficult to see that work was meant. Multitudinous were the anticipations as to the match on the 26th.

'Of course,' said Flora Millicloth to Captain Bowles, chieftain

of the militia cricketers, 'you will give a dance in the marquee afterwards?'

'That goes without saying,' replied the captain, who straightway encircled the fair Flora with his arm, and whirled her away in the waltz at the rate of forty miles an hour.

'Conceited beast, that,' muttered honest Jack Stumps to himself, captain of the D. C. C. Jack, if the truth must be told, was rather weak in the direction of Mr. Millecloth's only daughter, and followed the couple as they performed their labyrinthine evolutions, with a glaring eye. Jack, it may be mentioned, didn't dance. He prided himself, however, on the fact, that he did play cricket, and he gloated grimly to himself over the beating which the D. C. C. would certainly give the militia Eleven that day week. 'Only wait till then,' said Jack Stumps to himself, 'we'll shiver your timbers for you, my fine fellows! Why they haven't got a man who can bowl a little bit.'

It was an exceedingly jolly evening, that at Mr. Millecloth's. That was the general verdict; and the great Dribbleton manufacturer certainly spared neither pains nor money to justify the favourable opinion. Captain Bowles, in common with the other officers of the South Downshire Queen's Own Light Infantry, enjoyed himself immensely. He somewhat scandalized the proprieties of Dribbleton by dancing five times with Flora Millecloth; and he certainly made Jack Stumps very wrath with his attentions to that young lady; but for neither of these things did the Captain care.

Captain Bowles, with his second in cricketing command, little Tom Spigot, sat down to supper in an uncommonly good humour with himself after his fourth waltz with

Flora Millecloth. Mr. Millecloth's champagne was excellent, and the menu admirable. Poor Jack Stumps, who was sitting opposite, was—to judge by appearances—in anything but a good humour with himself or the rest of the world. He glanced savagely at our friend, and then growled aloud to Captain Bowles:

'How about the match this day week? Lay you six to four we beat you?'

'Right,' said the Captain. 'You're on;' and a bumper of champagne moistened and ratified the transaction.

'I suppose it's very unpatriotic on my part,' said Miss Millecloth, as Captain Bowles, with much shaking, not to say a good deal of squeezing, of hands, bade that young lady good night, 'but I must say I should like you to win this cricket-match—they are crowing over you so much.'

There was another hand-pressure and a very pretty speech—so Flora thought—on the Captain's part.

'Tom,' said Captain Bowles to his friend Mr. Spigot, as the pair strolled home, 'I wish to goodness we could pull off this game on the 26th; but on my word I don't see how it is to be done, our bowling is really so very poor.'

'Well,' said Mr. Spigot, who had been silent in a deep study for some minutes, 'I've got an idea, and I think it may do.'

Before Tom Spigot went to bed he wrote a telegram, to be sent off directly the office was open: 'From Spigot, Dribbleton, to Colt, 357, Kennington Park, London. Come here at once—most important.'

'I rather think,' said Mr. Spigot to himself, 'that this is an idea.' And he turned in to bed.

II.

There was a new recruit for the South Downshire Queen's Own Light Infantry—a tidy, promising sort of fellow he was pronounced to be, with a neat, sprunt figure, a well-bronzed face, and muscles which were pliancy and activity itself.

'Tom,' said Captain Bowles to his friend Mr. Spigot, over lunch, the morning after Mr. Millicloth's party, 'it's the sharpest piece of work I ever knew, but quite legitimate, I think, eh?' And Mr. Spigot nodded ascent.

The new recruit got on remarkably well with his drill. It was discovered that he knew something of cricket, and the general opinion was that he would even prove a decided acquisition in the coming match. Meanwhile, the members of the Dribbleton Cricket Club were practising diligently, and speculation in Dribbleton was very keen—odds being decidedly in favour of Town against Militia. The evening before the match, Captain Bowles and Mr. Spigot were entertaining Mr. Millicloth and the redoubtable Jack Stumps at the mess. While the two officers were dressing for dinner, a knock was heard at the door of the sitting-room, and in walked the new recruit.

'Well Harry, what do you think?' asked Mr. Spigot, coming out of the bed-room, with hair dishevelled and a hair-brush in either hand.

'They're a decentish lot. I've watched their play these two afternoons. Batting better than their fielding, and that Mr Stumps can pitch a very tidy ball; but bless you, sir, I wish I was as safe of a hundred pounds as I am of to-morrow's match.'

'That's good,' said the Captain, who by this time had joined the

pair. 'Then you think money's pretty safe?'

'Safe as houses, sir,' was the answer; and Private Colt, of the South Downshire Militia, left the room.

The eventful morning had dawned. It was the day of the cricket match, and the kind of day which is above all others dear to the cricketer's heart. Dear, too, to the heart of the spectators, who exhibited their combined appreciation of the game and of the weather by flocking in numbers unprecedented to the ground of the D. C. C. Exactly at half-past ten A.M. Captain Bowles and Mr. Jack Stumps, as rival leaders, tossed up for choice of innings; and the former winning, elected to put his men in first. The play of the Militia did not answer the expectations that had been formed of it, and the last wicket was lowered to the tune of 84 runs.

'I think we can beat that,' said Jack Stumps, as he threw up the ball into the air over the head of the highest poplar in the Dribbleton cricket field, and turned a summersault in pure exultation of heart upon the Dribbleton turf.

And five minutes afterwards Jack Stumps, with another Dribbletonian, took possession of the wickets. The Militia fielding was not first-rate, and the bowling was certainly loose; and as Mr. Stumps cut away the first ball that he had for a clear five to leg, the cheering from the Dribbletonian party was simply tempestuous. There was no doubt about it; the Militia were getting their bowling knocked about shockingly, and the result of a conference held between the overs by the Militia generals was a change of bowlers. A well-knit little man, who had been previously standing mid-wicket, and whose name was entered in the scoring list as 'Private Colt,' was accord-

ingly put on, and his fielding had already attracted notice. 'Gad, sir' said the Colonel of the regiment, 'that fellow picks up his balls in something like form!' The first over bowled was a maiden; off the second Mr. Stumps made six runs; in the course of the third he was caught off one of Private Colt's balls at point. As Jack Stumps entered the marquee the Dribbletonian cheering was like the roar of the oaks of Garganus. He had made a total of 86, and two wickets were down for 75.

'Play that beggar's balls very carefully,' said Jack Stumps to his successor at the wicket; 'they're uncommon and hard, and I'll lay a thousand he knows a deuced deal more of the game than any of us gave him credit for.'

The advice was not superfluous. When the dinner hour, 2.30, had come the last wicket of the Dribbletonians had gone with only the addition of 40 runs since Jack Stumps had been caught at point—total, 115, as against the 84 of the Militia. Still the townsfolk of Dribbleton were very hopeful; they had a clear majority of 81 against the 'red-coats,' and they prided themselves on the fact that theirs was an Eleven which had no tail at all to it.

'I'm afraid I shall win my gloves,' said Flora Millicloth to Captain Bowles, as she looked up into that gentleman's face. 'I fear I shall.'

Had Captain Bowles ventured to state his own opinion, he would have very flatly contradicted the view of this young lady. It is matter of interesting speculation as to the extent to which ladies are able to understand the game of cricket. The fair sisters of the most eminent batsman of the day are pronounced by *cognoscenti* to be 'quite up to public school first Eleven form;' but such instances of feminine prowess are certainly

exceptional. It may be questioned whether ladies are generally gifted with appreciating the niceties of cricket, and those features in the game, and qualities in the players, which constitute cricket a science. What ladies chiefly, and perhaps solely admire in cricket, as in most other things, is the spectacle of strength put forth. They can eulogize with sincerity a swipe which procures a clear six; they may eulogize, but without sincerity, the delicate finesse which, though it does not numerically contribute to the score, averts a summary expulsion from the striker's position at the wicket, that would otherwise be inevitable.

'Dinner' was over: and the representatives of the Militia, at 3.30 p.m., once more appeared at the wicket. There was great excitement on the ground. Every person in Dribbleton or its neighbourhood was present. The partizans of both sides were hopeful, and it was amid the profoundest intensity of suspense that the umpire called 'play.' Play it was, indeed, and the field re-echoed with shouts of 'played,' 'played,' as Captain Bowles made a beautiful drive to the off for two. Flora Millicloth waved her handkerchief in pure ecstacy of delight. It may, perhaps, be mentioned that the Captain in lieu of a belt wore a twisted scarf, which he had purloined from Miss Millicloth at lunch. Still the bowling of the Dribbleton Eleven was remarkably good: as for their fielding it was excellent, and the score crept on but slowly. Half past four came and the Militia had only made fifty runs in their second innings, of which Captain Bowles had personally scored 28. When six wickets were down matters began to look serious. But the Captain was presently joined by Tom Spigot, and the

pair in a very short space of time, realized their century. Seven wickets down for 104 runs. Still the Captain held on: and the enthusiasm of the militiamen was vehement and vociferous. The bowling of the Dribbletonians got a little bit wild, and before eight wickets had fallen the Militia score was 120.

'Something like cricket this, sir,' said the Colonel, rubbing his hands, and drinking a glass of sherry.

'Devilish like,' muttered a Dribbletonian between his teeth.

Captain Bowles had evidently got his eye in, and Flora Millicloth was delighted. Ah! that was a skyer. All very well for the Captain and his partner to run; but yonder Dribbletonian has never yet been known to miss a catch, and he does not intend to commence a career of failure just now. Nine wickets down for 127 runs. Excitement momentary increases, and Private Colt, last man, puts on his pads. A veteran Dribbletonian is put on to bat slow twisters. Captain Bowles steps out, catches one on the turn, and hits it away for a clear three. That is the last score made: for Private Colt is caught at slip in the next over, and the Captain carries out his bat. Total Militia score, second innings, 130. The town consequently has 89 to tie, and 90 to win, and 'all our work cut off for us,' as Jack Stumps, with a considerable degree of relevance, remarks. The betting has now veered round, and is six to four on the Militia.

It has been trying work that last innings, and something like an interval of rest is required before play can be resumed. Captain Bowles smokes a cigarette, drinks some very weak brandy and water, and flirts mildly with Flora Millicloth.

'You will win. I am sure you will win,' remarks this young lady, with the most golden of smiles; 'did I not say you would win?'

'Bad thing to play with the sun in your eyes,' is the reply, and the Captain, giving a remarkably 'spoony' look at Flora takes his place at the wicket, and commences to bat Mr. Jack Stumps.

What need to relate in succinct detail the various moving accidents of the innings of the Dribbletonians? The match—that is the verdict of public opinion—is intensely sensational. The D. C. C. have achieved a total of 70 runs, and they have still three wickets to go down. It is now 7.15 and stumps must be drawn at 7.30 P.M. Any how the Dribbletonians consider their victory a foregone conclusion. They must win on the first innings, and they cannot be beaten on the second. At this emergency Private Colt is put on to bat. This gentleman is eminently 'in form' to-day. The over has commenced, and the first ball of that over sends the balls of the Dribbletonians rattling about his head. Panic is contagious, and Dribbletonian No. 2 feels eminently uncomfortable. 'Play,' proclaims the umpire, and play of an exceedingly amusing description it is. Away into infinite space spins the leg stump of the ninth Dribbletonian wicket. 'Nineteen to tie, and twenty to win,' that is the state of the game. 'Will they do it?' that is the question. When performance is so close at hand, prophecy is out of place. The last man goes in, pallid and quivering. Private Colt once more bowls, and once more the leg stump of the Dribbletonian is rattled out of the ground. The Militia have won by nineteen runs.

III.

It was a great cricket match. So said Dribbletonian townfolk and the South Downshire militiamen. The latter were as good as their word. They did give a dance, and a very first-rate one it was universally admitted to have been, in the marquee. It was agreeably surprising to witness the fraternization which ensued between Captain Bowles and Mr. Stumps.

'Wonderful cricket,' that was the remark of each.

Oddly enough, the former of these gentlemen monopolized not less of Miss Millecloth's time than had been the case a week since. The praises on the part of the Dribbletonians of Private Colt's bowling were loud and earnest. It was mentioned to Captain Bowles as he was preparing to whirl Miss Millecloth into a waltz, that Private Colt was anxious to speak to him for a moment.

Mr. Stumps, who overheard the announcement of the presence of the distinguished personage who had won the match for the South Downshire Queen's Own Light Infantry, expressed a desire to congratulate personally the hero of the day upon his feats.

'Well, Private Colt, you have done excellently. Your Eleven

cannot be complimented too highly on its play. I wish we had you always here.'

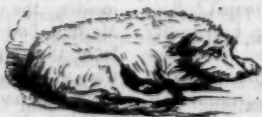
'That's your officer, sir, and my terms is moderate,' said Private Colt; 'Werry 'appy to come. Nice lot of gentlemen, werry. And 'ere's my card, if I may take the liberty, sir.'

Upon which Private Colt produced a pasteboard, the superscription of which was to this effect: 'Harry Colt, Kennington Park, London. Clubs and Schools attended upon most moderate terms, and at the shortest notice.'

'So it seems,' muttered Mr. Stumps, 'devilish short notice indeed.'

But here, so far as the faithful chronicler of events that are historical is concerned, ends the story of the great Dribbleton Cricket Match.

The few supplementary facts which it may be well to state are these: 'Private' Colt has the post of professional bowler to the D. C. C.; the D.C.C. is successful in all its matches. So there has been in at least two: Captain Bowles—Mrs. Bowles was *née* Flora Millecloth—who now plays regularly, not against, but for the D. C. C., being settled in the immediate neighbourhood of Dribbleton.



TWO PLUNGES FOR A PEARL.

CHAPTER XVII.

WAITING FOR A TRAIN.

MEANWHILE, where was Ianthe Knollys, and where was Geoffrey Marden? Other people besides the speculative mischief-loving Lepel and the perplexed Rupert Mouchenci, asked these questions. For Ianthe returned not, neither did she write nor telegraph, and old Geoffrey did not offer the Captain his revenge at billiards.

Certes, in his abrupt disappearance nothing was remarkable, for he was a man amenable to no one of the laws which regulate human conduct. Lord Chessington would have felt no surprise if his uncle had accepted the crown of Abyssinia, or become Garibaldian or Trappist. But when he and the pretty actress simultaneously vanished—people talked.

People talked! We know what that means. It is the partnership of stupidity with malignity. The average animal, spiteful against anything superior, unimaginative of anything unusual that is not wicked, passes from mouth to mouth what we call gossip. 'Jack on his alehouse bench has as many lies as a Czar,' says Tennyson; and the fat female who keeps the village shop is as mendacious as a 'London Correspondent.'

Now, what had happened? Poor little Ianthe, drying her pretty eyes after her trying interview with Launcelot, caught a sudden glimpse of a face in a passing cab. There were two faces; one an old woman's, the other—

'My God!' she involuntarily ejaculated; '*Rosalind!*'

She threw on a hat and shawl, rushed down stairs, caught sight

of the cab round the corner of Byron Terrace, ran after it as fast as her legs would carry her, luckily kept it in sight till she found another cab. This she hailed, telling the driver to follow his predecessor, and overtake him if possible.

It was not possible. The man ahead drove the faster horse.

So poor Ianthe had the satisfaction of arriving at the railway station about three minutes later than the cab which she supposed to contain her sister, and to reach the platform just in time to see the up-train off, with her supposititious sister therein, so far as she could judge.

Being a sensible young person, she held counsel with the station-master.

'Well, miss,' said that official, 'there's an express here in seventeen minutes. It doesn't stop till it gets to Paulborough, where the train just gone waits for it. You might get out there, or you might go on to London, and wait for the young lady, as she's going to town, you say.'

Ianthe took a ticket to London. Now it so happened that while she talked with the station-master, the Honourable Geoffrey Marden had been watching her from the opposite platform. He was expecting some dogs from town, and had come to meet them.

What he saw washed bull-terriers from his brain. There was this pretty little actress whom he admired in a great state of frustration. He crossed the bridge, and arrived just in time to hear

her ask for her ticket. When she had left the booking office, he also took a ticket for town.

He did not follow her into her carriage, however; old Geoffrey was in no degree verdant. He did not want to frighten her. He wanted to watch her himself unnoticed. He saw at a glance that there was something queer in her sudden evasion, when all Riverdale was expecting to see her in doublet and hose that night. So he established himself cosily in a first-class carriage, and smoked like the stalk of Saint Rollox.

Ianthe had taken her ticket to London with the impression that it was the likeliest place for her sister to be going. And at Paulborough, unless she sacrificed her chance of London, she found she could do nothing. So she went on.

On the platform of the terminus in London, without a scrap of luggage, our poor little Ianthe felt like an impostor. But she had some money, luckily; and money is a great consoler in these days. Ianthe was well aware that, luggageless as she was, the crisp Bank of England paper would carry her through her difficulties.

On inquiry, she found that the slow train by which she assumed her sister to be travelling would not arrive for half an hour. So, after telegraphing to the manager, she took refuge in the ladies' waiting-room.

The Hon. Geoffrey Marden having tracked her thither, went to the adjacent establishment of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, and solaced himself with something obriating and effervescent.

Waiting at a railway station is always wearisome. The terminus knows no repose. Trains are always on the move, with hiss and shriek and yell and hideous

gride of metal torturing metal. The railway has brought us many benefits, but it is horribly unpleasant in its details. Its smells and sounds are maddening. There may be worse things on the other side Styx, but it is scarcely credible. When Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Matthew Arnold have succeeded in civilizing us, then shall locomotives emit an odour as of Frangipani, and make music like unto the songs without words of Felix the Fortunate; but now a great railway-station concentrates everything hideous and disgusting.

Geoffrey Marden cared not. He drank his soda and brandy, and then he saw that the little actress was safe; and then he smoked, and then he again made sure of Ianthe; and then he had some mulligatawny and sherry; and then took another look at his quarry; and then more soda and brandy—but why go on?

Poor little Ianthe, meanwhile, heroically unconscious of appetite, was watching the platform without intermission through the windows of the waiting-room. The promised half-hour was long past; it had stretched to an hour; it had even reached to close upon two; yet this slow, slow train, stopping everywhere, did not arrive.

Ianthe felt inclined to cry. Old Geoffrey, who of course had no idea why she was spending her half-hours in the waiting-room, with her pretty piquant little nose in close contact with the plate-glass, swore a little to himself, and flirted with the young lady behind the counter, and expended shilling after shilling in 'S. and B.'

But everything must have an end—even waiting for a train. By and by there seemed a stir on the platform—an unusual and abnormal movement. Ianthe of course concluded that the train was in

sight, and made her way to the front. Old Geoffrey, who was breaking the rules of the company by tranquilly puffing his weed at the refreshment-room door, saw the little actress emerge from her waiting-room—saw her eagerly trip up to a porter and ask him a question—saw her suddenly drop, as if she were shot, upon the platform planks.

He strode forward. A couple of porters had picked her up. She was in a dead swoon, utterly insensible.

'What's the matter?' asked Marden, in that voice of intuitive command which belongs to the British aristocrat.

'Can't say, sir,' said the porter, touching his hat. 'I was only a telling the young lady as how the train from Paulborough had got smashed to battons in Craike Tunnel, and she went hoff just like a—just like a—what d'ye call um, you know, sir!'

'Get a cab,' said Geoffrey.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT THE SILENT WOMAN.

Every Saturday Mrs. Patient read with great regularity the '*Riverdale Mercury*.' That singularly stupid and very old-established journal was an institution, an oracle in the shire. Scissors had entirely superseded brains in its concoction; it made slight pretence to leading articles; it chronicled small beer with enthusiasm, and was abjectly civil to everybody. If a lieutenant in the militia married a grocer's daughter—why, the gallant captain led to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of our highly-esteemed fellow-townsmen. And why not? If fine words butter no parsnips, they are nevertheless agreeable.

Mrs. Patient, in common with all the farmers in the county and most of the tradesmen in the county town, firmly believed in the '*Riverdale Mercury*,' and read it with diligence and reverence. The '*Times*' would have puzzled her; she would probably have thought the '*Daily Telegraph*' or '*Morning Star*' a diabolic invention; while the '*Saturday Review*' would have been just as intelligible as Mr. Oliver Byrne's treatise on '*Dual Arithmetic*.' Are we to pity or condemn this old lady and the myriads who are like her? I trow not. I am no advocate for ignorance, and love well (to use Charles Lamb's simile) intercourse with a man in whose mind I can lose myself as I might in another man's grounds; but after all, knowledge is not wisdom, brain is not heart, the subtle melancholy Seducement of the '*Saturday Review*' is not in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount.

Mrs. Patient, in her lavender-scented housekeeper's room, which looked pleasantly on a quaint old-fashioned square of garden, with bees busy amid melilot and serpolet and drosere, and doves cooing drowsily and deliciously in the glossy hedge of hollies, read the '*Riverdale Mercury*' through gold-rimmed spectacles. Slowly plodding through its advertisements, she came to one wherein an elderly lady required a 'young person' of cheerful temper and quiet habits as her companion. It flashed upon the good old housekeeper's mind that the pretty parlour-maid whom she desired to banish from Chesington Abbey was quite suited for such a position.

'She's almost like a lady,' Mrs. Patient had often reflected.

Calling Mr. Sparks into council, she with his aid indited a reply to the advertisement. A few days brought a rejoinder, written on

very pink paper, and smelling horribly of patchouli, to the effect that the Hon. Mrs. Winchester, who was staying at Riverdale for a short time, would be happy to 'see the young person' at a given address.

Hereupon kindhearted Mrs. Patient took Rosalind to Riverdale and accomplished the interview. The Hon. Mrs. Winchester was a stout person of forty-five, with a high colour, much jewelry, no h's, and an odour such as that you notice in passing Atkinson's shop. Between her and the simple homely housekeeper, fragrant of the wholesome lavender, the contrast was striking. Rosalind did not quite like Mrs. Winchester, and Mrs. Patient did not think her 'quite a lady'; but she offered fifty pounds a year as the wage of companionship, and the engagement was made. She was going to London in a few days; and Miss Murray (Rosalind, unlike her sister in this also, had kept to her own name) was to join her in time to go with her.

So it chanced that Ianthe caught sight of Rosalind as she drove to the terminus with the Hon. Mrs. Winchester.

Of that old lady Rosalind had seen little, and had little liked what she had seen. Mrs. Winchester was evidently vulgar; she dressed too finely, smelt too odoriferously, was too fond of alcoholic fluids. She was excessively civil to Rosalind; unpleasantly affectionate, indeed; making remarks on the little girl's personal attractions which Rosalind did not like at all. No; Rosalind by no means approved the old woman who was now her mistress.

They went to London together, as we are aware, by a rather slow train—they only just caught it. Mrs. Winchester grumbled at not having time for refreshment, but

consoled herself with the idea that there would be a quarter of an hour at Paulborough, where they waited for the express to pass. So at that station she got out, Rosalind dutifully following her with her cloak and bag, and ordered some hot brandy and water.

'You'll take a glass, *dear*, won't you? Do, *dear*!'

The queer way in which the Hon. Mrs. Winchester pronounced that word '*dear*'—a great favourite with her—is not describable.

Rosalind declined.

'Well, sherry and water, *dear*! You can't go all the way to London without something, *dear*! You'll spoil that beautiful complexion, *dear*, if you don't take proper nourishment.'

As she spoke, the Hon. Mrs. Winchester raised her glass to her eager lips—then suddenly dropped it with a crash, spilling all the precious contents. Rosalind looked round to see what caused this strange incident and Mrs. Winchester's evident look of dread; but no one was near them except a tall slender young man, light-haired, light-whiskered, light-moustached, in a light overcoat, whose light eyes were fixed on them through an eyeglass.

'Let us go to the train,' said Mrs. Winchester, hurriedly paying for her breakage—'we shall lose it else.'

They regained their carriage and seated themselves. Just before the train started, the door opened, and the light young man, with a light pormanteau in his hand, took a place with them. There was no one else in the carriage.

Forty minutes later the carriage was turned over on the side of an embankment, and Rosalind was crushed beneath the massive softness of the Hon. Mrs. Winchester, and the light young man was trying to force open the upper

door—which of course was locked. The accident which occurred was a very simple one. *Given an excursion train, to bisect it with an ordinary train.* This was the problem; and the traffic manager had solved it by causing an excursion train to be drawn right across the line at a junction, and to be kept stationary till a passenger train cut it in two. It was done beautifully. I forget the number of killed and wounded, which, indeed, is comparatively immaterial.

There was a little village close to the scene of the accident—a sleepy village, which even the shrieking railway had not thoroughly awakened. There was a sleepy old inn called the Silent Woman, with an elegant sign depicting a headless lady; and the inn was kept by a garrulous landlady, a widow of forty, as fresh as Devonshire cream, for all her length of years. To this hostelry were brought such passengers as were not actually anatomized; among them Rosalind and her mistress, who were both more frightened than hurt. The light young man, who was neither the one nor the other, followed them when he found that all the passengers were extricated. There was no chance of farther progress that day; and the ladies were having tea in their bedrooms; and talkative Mrs. Price—after telling him more about the accident than anybody knew who was in it—supplied him with a capital dinner, in the form of a brace of trout and some lamb cutlets deliciously dressed. When the light young man inquired about wine, the hostess suggested madeira, and brought him a bottle of brown old particular which her late husband had kept sacred to his own lips.

Now the reason why the dinner and the wine were so good was that keen-eyed Mrs. Price had read

the inscription on a small brass plate on the light young man's light portmanteau. And thereon was engraven:

Viscount Tixover,
Tixover Hall,
Rutland.

'Tix,' as they called him at Eton, was a modern Quixote. From his boyhood he was chivalrous in that supreme form which Charles Lamb describes in his delightful essay on 'Modern Gallantry.' He was 'the Sir Calidore or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them.' And though the trout and cutlets and madeira were Mrs. Price's tribute to the peerage, yet he well deserved such homage from womanhood for his services to the sex. Tixover devoted himself to this. He shuddered to see the terrible suffering and shame to which women are subjected by the hard usages of our civilization. In the teeth of much ridicule and annoyance he kept resolutely to his course. One of his chief desires was to save unwary girls from the advertising harpies who by false pretences lead them to destruction; and many adventures in this direction had made him the keenest amateur detective in England.

Now, in the refreshment-room at Paulborough he noticed in company an old woman who did not look quite like a lady, and a beautiful girl who did.

And the old woman drank brandy and water.

This was quite enough to raise Lord Tixover's suspicions. He came closer to the Hon. Mrs. Winchester.

That lady dropped her glass, and got away as fast as possible.

She recognised him.

That was instantaneously clear to him. He had no recollection of

her, but he felt instinctively certain something was wrong in her connection with the lovely girl who accompanied her.

He determined not to leave them until he had made this out. Hence we see him comfortably established at the Silent Woman, and dining well, thanks to Mistress Price.

The Hon. Mrs. Winchester made arrangements to stay all night at the Silent Woman. Let us leave her alone awhile, and return to Launcelot Lydiard, who got by the night mail to Paulborough, and there heard for the first time of the accident.

'The line's blocked to London,' said a porter. 'You'd better sleep here, sir. The Cathedral Hotel is very comfortable. The line won't be clear till morning.'

'Where did they take the passengers in the train?' asked Launcelot, who had jumped to the conclusion that *Lanthe* was one of them.

'To Whitchurch, I think, sir.'

'Well, can I get to Whitchurch? I think there was a friend of mine in the train.'

Launcelot was referred to the station-master, who said they were not going to send trains farther than Paulborough that night.

'How far is it? Can I have a special train?' asked our hero, simultaneously producing a roll of bank-notes.

'It's a matter of seventeen miles, sir,' replied the station-master. 'We can run you over in less than half an hour.'

In considerably less, as it proved; for Launcelot gave the driver a sovereign, saying, 'Drive fast!' and the driver, who had been called away just as he and his wife and children were sitting down to a fragrant supper of tripe and onions, was in a savage hurry to get back, so he took Launcelot from Paulborough to Whitchurch Road—

seventeen miles—in twelve minutes forty-five seconds. And Launcelot, who had never been an engine-driver, or a peregrine falcon, or carrier pigeon, was fain to lie at the bottom of the carriage, and even then found the wind leaving his lungs as if he were running fast up a steep hill.

It was a little after eleven when Launcelot, travelling-bag in hand, reached the Silent Woman. The little inn was unusually lively that night, of course. All the villagers had met to talk over the accident. Mrs. Price's ale (her husband had been a Welshman, and her Welsh ale had great local fame) was flowing freely. Pleasantly shone the light through the bow-windows of bar and tap. Launcelot, entering the former, found himself amid a throng of farmers and tradesmen smoking incessantly, while Mrs. Price added imaginative items to her first simple narrative of the accident. The garrulous landlady would have given a scientific observer a fine illustration of the accretion of myth.

'And such a lovely young creature with her,' were the first words that met Launcelot's ear. 'And not hurt the least bit, only shook, you know.'

'Where is she?' asked Launcelot, with abrupt emphasis.

All eyes turned on the newcomer. Mrs. Price, who was keensighted, as we know, immediately decided that he was a gentleman every inch.

'The young lady's sweetheart, most likely,' she thought to herself.

'Have you a private room?' asked Launcelot.

'Why, no, sir. This unfortunate accident has made us very full. But there's the parlour, sir, and only one gentleman staying there; and I think he's just stepped out.'

Which was true. There was bright moonlight, and Lord Tixover was smoking a cigar up and down the village street, where delicious odours of lavender, eglantine, mignonette came from the cottage gardens. And not without an adventure, which I must turn aside to narrate, as it shows Tix's character.

He heard screams as he passed a cottage which stood some way apart from the rest. It was the village blacksmith's, and was separated by the forge-buildings from its neighbours. Tix flung away his cigar, made his way through the garden to the front-door, which was on the latch, and found the village blacksmith using a stout leather strap on his eldest daughter, who had been sweet-hearting instead of getting the paternal supper. The local Hephaestus, though very drunk, had plenty of strength in his biceps. The girl was almost faint with pain—had scarcely power to scream—when Lord Tixover entered.

'You confounded brute!' he exclaimed, striking the blacksmith a heavy blow on the arm with a life-preserver, which he invariably carried, and snatching the strap from his brawny hand.

'Who the devil are you?'—&c., &c., shouted the blacksmith. His right arm was powerless for the moment; but with his left he was more than a match for Tix.

'Stand back!' cried Tix, his light eyes glowing with a terrible fury of indignation. 'Stand back, you hound, or I'll shoot you!'

And with the word he presented at the huge bully as neat a little revolver as was ever adapted to a gentleman's breast-pocket. The blacksmith collapsed into his great arm-chair. Lord Tixover found some cold water, with which he revived the poor girl from her

swoon; found also some gin, a glass of which afforded a very necessary stimulus.

Then he went to the cottage door, opened it, and fired rapidly a couple of barrels of his pistol.

The blacksmith sprang up. 'Stand back, you coward!' shouted Tix, pistol in hand.

The reports of the pistol brought to the door a group of the villagers going homeward from the Silent Woman; brought also, by good hap, a county policeman.

'Take this fellow into custody,' said Lord Tixover, with authority. 'I found him brutally assaulting this girl, whom I suppose to be his daughter. Here is my card.'

The constable unhesitatingly obeyed the orders of a lord; but both he and his companions were astounded that any man should have courage to interrupt the village bully in his favourite amusement of 'larruping' his family.

The blacksmith, completely cowed, was marched off to the lock-up, with handcuffs on his wicked wrists. Lord Tixover, not a man to do things by halves, sent for the nearest surgeon, gave him a handsome fee, and told him to attend to the poor girl's bruises, and to order for her any sustenance required. Then he lighted another cigar, and sauntered back to the Silent Woman, with a pulse as calm as Sir Charles Coldstream's.

But I have given Mrs. Price more than time to show Launcelot into the parlour. When they were alone he said—

'Is Miss Murray here?'

Mrs. Price, parcontatrix inveterate, had soon ascertained the names of both ladies, and could answer affirmatively.

'Not hurt is she?'

'Not a bit, sir, bless her dear little heart! Enjoyed her tea amazingly—and no wonder either, for I always get Twining's best, and the

cream my Alderneys give is delicious.'

'She's gone to bed, of course. What time does she start in the morning?'

'Why, the old lady said they'd breakfast at twelve, which I thought lazy hours.'

'Old lady!' said Launcelot, surprised. 'What old lady?'

'The Honourable Mrs. Winchester by name,' said the hostess. 'I should think the young one was what they call her companion, by the looks of it. She orders her about just like a servant, and makes her unlace her boots and—oh, you know what I mean,' broke off Mrs. Price, as she got on delicate ground.

Launcelot was puzzled. Had Ianthe taken a sudden distaste for public life—persecuted, perhaps, by suitors—and chosen to enter a situation? It seemed the only plausible theory.

'Fancy that beautiful creature unlacing a mouldy old woman's boots, and—Faugh!' Thus he thought: what he said was, 'Have you any good ale?'

'The best in the world, sir. Welsh, from Llanvihangel-Mathavarnethad, where my poor dear husband was born.'

'Get me a tankard,' he said, 'and after that something to eat; anything you've got handy.'

Very soon Launcelot was enjoying the Llanvihangel ale, which the widow had not overpraised, and eating what seemed the original of Mr. Tennyson's

'Pasty costly-made,
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,
Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks
Imbedded and injellied—'

as thus he sat, not otherwise than happy in mind—supper before him, and his sweetheart lapped

in fragrant linen upstairs—enter Lord Tixover.

But behold the courtesy of the man. Although it is a well-understood custom that in the common rooms of country inns smoking is permitted after a certain hour, Tix threw away his havannah in its most fragrant stage when he saw a man at supper. I call this self-denial.

The two young men soon got into conversation; found that they had what Mr. Dickens oddly calls 'mutual friends;' became confidential at last, Launcelot confessing that he had been brought there by the belief that Miss Knollys, an actress from Riverdale, in whom he felt some interest, had been in the accident.

Just then it flashed upon him that he had inquired for Ianthe as 'Miss Murray,' and that Mrs. Price had recognized that as her name.

'By Jove!' he thought, 'it can't be the other sister!'

'Who is the old lady with her, I wonder?' he said to Lord Tixover.

Tix whispered something mysteriously in his ear.

'My God!' exclaimed Launcelot. 'I hope not.'

CHAPTER XIX.

A REAPPEARANCE.

But where is Ianthe all this time?

The Hon. Geoffrey Marden's cab was called, and the girl, scarce aroused from her swoon, was passing towards it with the aid of his stalwart arm, when he was confronted by a man, taller than himself and far older, dressed in a costume very strange and old-fashioned for the streets of London, who said,

'Excuse me, is this young lady under your protection?'

Old Geoffrey was in a frightful rage; but he looked at this strange

figure, gigantic, venerable, with a calm lustre in eyes that seemed to read your brain, and was baffled for the moment.

To a man who fulfilled his idea of Methuselah or of the Everlasting Jew Ahasuerus, old Geoffrey could not at once use that insolence which had carried him through so many adventures. Meanwhile the ancient stranger had taken possession of Ianthe, saying to himself,

'Poor child! poor little girl! She must go with me.'

'By what right do you interfere?' exclaimed Geoffrey Marden, roughly. 'I don't know anything about you.'

'Nor I of you,' said the old man, calmly; 'but you look like one of the Mardens,' he continued, with a kind of shudder. 'You are very like Horatio Marden, as he would have become if he had lived to middle age.'

'Middle age!' exclaimed Geoffrey, 'why, I am just sixty, and my uncle Horatio died before I was born.'

'I know,' said the old man; 'I ought to know. *I killed him.*'

Geoffrey Marden, a man not easily astonished, was completely taken aback on this occasion.

'You are not Sir Arthur Murray?' he ejaculated.

'I am that unhappy man,' was the reply. 'I killed my best friend because the woman whom I loved loved him. And because I did that murder God will not let me die.'

In the face of this terrible earnestness—this strange monument of God's wrath for crimes of which he, Geoffrey Marden, thought alight harm—this wreck of a past generation, whose career had met its crowning agony before he, Geoffrey Marden, was born—there was nothing for it but silence. Geoffrey Marden spake no word.

'But I am forgetting my poor

little girl,' said Sir Arthur. 'Your name is Murray, my dear?'

'Her name is Knollys,' interposed Marden.

'No,' said Ianthe, who had gradually recovered from the shock she had suffered, 'my real name is Murray. Papa's name was Lionel Murray.'

'Exactly,' said Sir Arthur. 'Miss Murray will not need your cab, Mr. Marden. *I am her great-grandfather.*'

The Hon. Geoffrey Marden was utterly routed, horse, foot, and artillery. He had never before suffered such a defeat. He lifted his hat to Ianthe, entered the cab, and ordered the cabman to drive to the devil.

'Now, my dear child,' said Sir Arthur, 'tell me what caused you to faint.'

Ianthe, walking with him up and down the deserted platform, told him all about her papa, her twin sister, their choice of occupation, their quarrel about it, her search for Rosalind, her awful fear lest she should be killed in the accident of the day.

'And oh!' she exclaimed, 'we have not forgiven each other!'

Sir Arthur Murray consoled the poor child, and took her to the great railway hotel, where he administered mental and physical solace. Moreover, not having lost his knowledge of the world from disuse, he caused a high railway official to be found for him, and with a heavy fee insured early information as to the passengers and what had happened to them.

'I am ordered down to Whitechurch in about an hour, sir,' said the man.

'Well,' said Sir Arthur, 'the lady about whom we are anxious is twin sister of the lady before you, and extremely like her. If you find her, telegraph at once.'

The official did not find her, as

she was in bed. But Mrs. Price was able to tell him that she had a gentleman in her house that was interested in Miss Murray; and so, while Lord Tixover and Launcelot were in close confabulation, he was shown in to them.

His story showed Launcelot that Ianthe was in London and Rosalind there, so he telegraphed to the lady direct.

'Launcelot Lydiard,
Silent Woman Inn,
Whitchurch.

To

Miss Ianthe Knollys or Murray,
Megatherium Hotel, London.

Your sister is here, unhurt. Come down as soon as possible, for important reasons.'

'Well,' remarked Lord Tixover, when this was despatched, 'you will be more than a match now for the Hon. Mrs. Winchester, so that I shall have plenty of time for that brutal blacksmith. I hardly expected two such adventures in one day.'

Ianthe was, let us hope, fast asleep when Launcelot's telegram arrived. She had

'Stolen away
To dreamful wastes where footless
fancies dwell,
Among the fragments of the golden
day.'

But her great-grandfather, whom my readers (if I have any) have of course long ago recognised, knew the name at once.

'Strange,' thought the old man, conversing with the fire, which he had ordered to serve as companion through a night in which he knew that sleep would be impossible, 'all this is strange. Strange enough that a dream should have brought me here in the very nick of time.'

This was so. Old men dream dreams sometimes; he who shall live fifty years on the Ottermoor

without dreaming any dreams must have come into the world without imagination, which certainly was not the case with Arthur Murray. As he lay, one wild midnight, in that granite-built cottage, with the old trees wailing in the wind and the river echoing them as if it were Cocytus itself, there came to him a vision as distinct as that of Phylacides. Not of the beautiful creature for whose sake he had borne a long and terrible punishment, but of one even more beautiful in many eyes, who had loved him as passionately as he loved that other.

Not quite so vainly, for in the lucid intervals of his mad remorse he had turned for short solace to the orphan girl who, unasked, had given him her love. He married her; not because he loved her, but that it was pleasant to be loved. He saw little of her, for, after that fatal duel, he spent his young manhood wildly. At long intervals he came home to her for rest; she, loving and unrepentant, received him as tenderly as the mother of men received Anteus.

Love is almighty. Had Rose Murray lived, I firmly believe she would have purged her husband's soul from the stain which lay upon it like a ghastly horror of the night. But God willed otherwise; she gave him one son and died.

This son, christened Lionel, was sent at once from his sight, never to be seen again. He was well educated; and when Sir Arthur heard from the clergyman who took charge of him—for he refused to receive letters from the boy himself—that Master Lionel (estate nineteen) was in love, and in love with his tutor's daughter, the father, who of course ought to have been indignant, wrote back in terms that astounded the scrupulous parson.

For Lionel Murray and little Ada Grey had made love by stealth, and the Rev. Erasmus Grey, a rigidly conscientious man, had discovered it by accident. There was a row in the house that day. The Rev. Erasmus dismissed his old housekeeper, who had been privy to the transaction, lectured his pupil in the longest words he could command, and locked Ada in her room with a scanty allowance of bread and water. Then he sat down and wrote a severely virtuous yet humbly apologetic letter to Sir Arthur Murray.

Imagine his feelings on the receipt of this reply.

'Sir,—The love of a good girl is the best gift of God to a young man. Your daughter is a good girl, I feel sure. Let my son marry her as soon as possible. I enclose a cheque for a thousand pounds, which may serve them till the boy is of age, when I will settle upon him half my property.

'Your humble servant,

'ARTHUR MURRAY.'

The good vicar, whose sole fault was being a rigorous disciplinarian—and half a century ago rigorous discipline was thought better than timid remonstrance—blushed on receipt of this letter. But he showed it to his daughter and young Lionel, both of whom had remained in disgrace until its arrival. I dare say they forgot their punishment in their delight. I dare say Lionel forgave his father-in-law for his plagose propensities, when he took from little Ada's lips the first permitted kiss. I dare say that kiss consoled the foolish child for her bread and water and other sufferings.

Both wrote grateful letters to Sir Arthur, and both letters were returned unopened. But he kept his promise; settled on his son at his majority half his property,

which was sufficient, though not enormous; and thenceforward declined in any way to recognize his son's existence.

That son had inherited from his mother weakness of constitution as well as of character. A few years saw little Ada Murray back at the vicarage with one child, also named Lionel. This boy was the subject of long strife between his mother and his grandfather. The Vicar—

'Who never spoilt the child and spared the rod,

But spoilt the rod and never spared the child,'

wanted to used Spartan discipline with little Lionel. Ada would not have it. The Vicar, of course, gave way, as men always give way to women; and the youngster was spoilt to his heart's content. He had the gentlest and tenderest disposition, and that nothing could spoil; but he grew up wholly unfit for conflict with the world, and developed into the loving essayist and unpractical father of pretty daughters, whom we saw in that cottage at Chessington. Whether the Rev. Erasmus Grey could have flogged him into anything else is, of course, an unsolvable problem.

Thus briefly have I traced the descent of my twin heroines. The spirit of old Sir Arthur dwelt in Ianthe, if not in Rosalind—who, perchance, was inheritrix of that loving heart on which his rested when it found brief rest.

She had come back to him in his dreams—she of whom in his waking hours he thought never, though her rival's form was always in his eye. And, by some strange wordless guidance, she had impressed upon him the belief that he must visit London to save from peril a child of his race. Although withdrawn from the world, he was aware that his son and grandson

were both dead, and that he had two great-granddaughters. And very often he longed to see them; but habit ('ten times stronger than nature,' says the great Duke) is terribly strong when it has reached half a century's growth.

He came to London by the same line of railway as that which joins the capital to Riverdale and Paulborough. He scarcely knew what to do on his arrival; and smiled rather grimly as he thought of what the gay world would say if old Sir Arthur Murray, who had eaten many a good dinner with William Windham at his house in Pall Mall, should turn up on a scene where the follies of the last owner of Felbrigg (with, thank God! no drop of Windham blood in his wretched body) had but just ceased to yield excitement.

You may ask how Sir Arthur, who read no papers, knew anything hereof. The topic had come up in the train, and he had asked questions.

A kind of magnetism drew him round to the arrival platform. He arrived there just as Ianthe swooned at the alarming news she had heard—just as the chivalrous Geoffrey Marden took her under his protection. Sir Arthur knew her at once. She was the exact *ἄδελον* of the sole creature who had loved him.

The rest we know.

Ianthe slept. This old man, to whom long solitude had brought great wisdom, on whom communion with Nature had forced the great lesson of God's other Bible—that God is love—thought by his fireside all through the quiet night. Somebody suggests—I forget who—that if all the dreams of all the people who sleep in one house could be mixed together, it would be like the Babel of a madman's brain. What would be the result if we took a great

hotel with five hundred beds, like the Megatherium? Yet I guess that all the dreams of all the other habitants of that hotel that night were less strange than the waking thoughts of this one old man.

Old! Why, surely death had forgotten him! Till this morning he would have said—this morning he *had* said—that God kept him alive for punishment. Had he not longed to die quietly, at night, alone, on the Ottermoor, for the last fifty years? And now his mood was changed—changed to his own amazement. Now he longed to live. Now he repented that he had not loved the girl who loved him with utter self-abandonment. Now he felt devoid of interest in the famous beauty whose heart he had broken when Horatio Marden fell before him.

Now he felt that the worst punishment would be if God were to dismiss him at this moment, before he had seen his remote children—the beautiful twins so like his Rose—safe and happy.

Stormily and earnestly that old man prayed upon his knees in the Megatherium Hotel through the long hours of that night. Since David wrestled with his God to be forgiven his base and lustful crime, no stronger prayer ever ascended to the jasper steps of the Great White Throne.

And, as dawn came through the windows—saluted, not by the song of lark and thrush, but by shriek and gride of engine—Sir Arthur Murray rose from his knees with a deep sigh, and said,

'It is granted.'

Down to breakfast came Ianthe, blooming like a rose dew-sprinkled. That she should have such a remarkable possession as a great-grandfather was to her an enigma and a charm. She believed at once—no one could look in those

deep eyes of Sir Arthur's, keen as the Ottermoor air, and disbelieve him. She came in like a smile, and threw her arms around the unbent shoulders, and kissed the corrugated brow, and said, 'Oh, great-grandpapa! what shall I call you?'

They breakfasted together pleasantly, Sir Arthur having ascertained that no train to Whitechurch could leave London till eleven. It was but half an hour's drive. Plenty of time, they both thought—and luckily were right—to take care of Rosalind.

'Which do you think, great-grandpapa—no, I can't say it, it's too long, I shall say papa—which do you think was right, me or my sister?'

'Well,' said Sir Arthur, 'it is hard to say. I don't like maid-servants—'

'Oh, I'm so glad!'

'But then I don't like actresses.'

Ianthe pouted silently.

'Which is best, the maid-servant—or the actress who, has to pretend she's a maid-servant?'

'Did you ever see Mrs. Siddons, papa?' asked the cunning Ianthe.

Cleverer, indeed, than she thought; for the mighty daughter of the mighty Kembles had infatuated Arthur Murray in his hot youth, and there came suddenly across his vision the great theatre of Drury Lane, crowded from roof to floor, while Lady Macbeth walked the stage in her marvellous sleep.

'All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.'

No word more had he to say against actresses.

'Rosalind is such a dear little thing,' said Ianthe. 'You will love her better than me.'

'We shall see,' remarked the old gentleman, oracularly.

'But, oh papa—how did you

know you were my great-grandpapa?'

'I dreamt it, Ianthe.'

'Oh!'

'True, I assure you.'

Whereupon Sir Arthur gave his child a light sketch of his career and of his sufferings—and Ianthe, by nature sensitive, by profession alive to strange sympathies, laughed and wept at intervals, forgetting her breakfast, and allowing the coffee to become unsatisfactorily cold.

'Ah,' she cried, tears brimming in those great blue eyes, 'how good God is to bring us together at last! Papa and mamma will be glad in heaven. But, oh darling Rosalind! I hope she is safe.'

'Don't you think your friend Mr. Launcelot Lydiard can take care of her?'

Ianthe blushed.

The old gentleman smiled as he saw the pretty redness rising over brow and cheek.

'My child,' he said, 'are you in love with that young gentleman?'

'No, papa.'

'Is he in love with you?'

'He asked me to marry him.'

'I see you refused. Why?'

No answer. Little Ianthe almost crying.

'You love somebody else?'

The child's lips are mute; her eyes say yes.

'Has he asked you?'

Again mute lips and affirmative eyes.

'And you refused him?'

This time Ianthe dignified to answer, 'Yes.'

'Oh, you little fool!'

Whereupon she threw herself into the arms of the mighty old man, who seemed to her as Adam would seem to you or me if we were introduced to him.

'No matter, child,' said Sir Arthur. 'If the man is worth having, he'll ask you again.'

THE HAYMAKERS.

I LIKE the sultry month of June,
 When the cuckoo's note which dwells like bells
 On the ear, and a mystic story tells,
 Is quite the prevalent tune.

I like the radiant plenilune,
 And the song of the nightingale—a wail
 O'er some immortal old Greek tale
 Not to vanish soon.

And when the fragrant grass lies low,
 And the maidens toss the hay all day
 In a nice coquettish careless way,
 I like that too, you know.

With the healthful toil their fair cheeks glow;
 Such a lovely red no flower has power
 To show in the sweetest summer hour
 When the rosebeds overflow.

Make hay, fair girls, while the June sun shines;
 For the joyous life from our hearts departs,
 And the dream of care into being starts,
 And the passion of youth declines.

The grass-flowers scatter in fragrant lines—
 They issue their sweetest breath in death,
 While the summer south wind whispereth
 Through glades where the ivy twines.

M. C.

MADAME SYLVIA.

PART I.



NOTE.—The village described in this story has suffered cruelly in the late war; its homes have been devastated, its beautiful groves cut down, and its real inhabitants have seen their household gods burnt, sold, and scattered to the winds. A bomb has burst in one of the rooms of Madame Sylvia's chateau, the little châlet has been hacked and hewed, and some of the other houses destroyed piecemeal, so that only heaps of stone remain.

Marly St. Anne, April 24, 18—.

MY DEAREST GERAARD,
Tired as I am, I must begin a letter to you to-night. I always find that once begun is half ended! The grammar of this sentiment may be somewhat weak, but the application thereof would go far to make an end of that procrastination which is itself the thief of time!

Pardon my nonsense, dear! I feel the need of your kind presence to-night; of being teased and

petted by turns. It makes me anxious to be here alone in a foreign country, with papa in his uncertain state of health; and yet it was the only thing to do; he would have worked himself to death, if he had remained at home, flying off by rail to Dublin every week. I have got him safe to France, and here I mean to keep him as long as possible. In the summer we will go into Burgundy, and see the grapes and the wonderful old village churches

Mr. Preston used to tell us of (you remember those etchings?); and in the winter I must coax him into taking a small apartment in Paris, somewhere near the Rue de Vaugirard, where the hand of the destroyer has dealt lightly as yet.

‘*Vie errante
Est chose enivrante!
Voir c’est avoir,*’

says your favourite Béranger, and so say I.

And now for our present surroundings. Ah! the lovely place! Oh! the enchanting spring-time! St. Anne is a small village, high up upon the semicircle of hills which girdle the Seine in the most romantic of its many curves. Lying between Marly-le-Roi and the stately town of St. Germain, it has on either side a neighbour of antique and royal fame; but our little nest is akin to neither; it is just now a blossoming bower of fruit-trees—apples and pears—which shine in the sunlight like snow mixed with strawberry jam, according to the tale we used to be so fond of when we were little; and the first tender leaves of the chestnuts are coming out, ‘like little green lamps,’ says M. Henri. I never can see the horse-chestnuts budding, dear Gerard, without tender emotion, remembering our pretty home near Clonmel, where we lived as children, and used to see the ‘white candles’ blaze out all over the great green cones.

Well! if you look at St. Anne from the neighbouring height, you will see nothing but a few whitish houses, and the high roofs of a château and a villa, much as if a giant’s hand had chucked a few large pebbles on to the green slopes. But look at us a little nearer, and we are important to ourselves! In a small open square stands the little church, with a short pointed spire seen above its

Greek pediment. There is a clock in the angle of the pediment, which is always a quarter of an hour too fast; and there is a bell in the little spire, which always rings at five o’clock in the morning—I don’t know why, for mass is much later; I fear the bell is very little attended to, let it ring at what hour it will, for faith is dull in these suburbs of Paris—at least so M. Henri says. Then, in the middle of the Place is the fountain, extremely ugly, with four short, stumpy trees round it, and a perpetual old woman with a coloured handkerchief round her head always drawing water. Twenty years ago there was ‘une magnifique couronne de peupliers’ round the village fountain, and the water flowed into an old stone basin sunk into a deep depression in the soil; but in the year 1848, the Mayor’s wife, who lived close by, complained that the noise of the wind in their leaves disturbed her rest, and her husband had the poplars all cut down. This lady was insensible to the charm which breathes through

‘The leaves of the illimitable forest,
The waves of the unfathomable sea.’

At the same time the village authorities represented to the administration that they wanted to play skittles in the Place, and should like to have it levelled. So the hollow was filled up, and an ugly little pump was erected on the flat ground, and four ugly little trees were planted; but nobody has played skittles to this hour.

From the pump I will show you the village inn; two immense lime-trees in the court and elegant festoons of westeria trimming the windows like a fringe. We slept there the first night; and it would have been delightful, if M. and Madame Dupont had not been profiting by the spring weather

to paint inside and out. A large Persian cat and a small pert dog watch the constant washing of glasses outside the kitchen-door.

St. Anne has one main street, running up a steep hill. The tobacconist is also the baker, and does business in postage-stamps. To get into his little shop you pass through a picturesque court, where he keeps pigs, fowls, and rabbits, and where all over the purple westeria grows luxuriantly, and sprigs of yellow wallflower crop out of the stone walls. The postman is the shoemaker, who goes twice a day to Le Pecq to fetch letters. We have a *boîte aux lettres* let into a wall in a side lane; you are invited to drop your correspondence into a slit, but I am tormented by doubts as to whether there is anything but a kitchen-garden on the other side. I shall see, sir, whether you receive and answer this letter. There is a good grocer's shop in the place; he sells writing-paper and ink; there is a draper, and he sells wooden hoops, dolls, and lolly-pops; there is a butcher, who comes from Le Pecq before nine in the morning; at first we did not believe in him, but he is real and punctual.

Lastly, as I said before, we have a château, encircled by gardens, and a very bright, handsome villa at the top of the hill. I know nothing about the inhabitants as yet. And this is Marly St. Anne; the whole set in a great frame of woods—royal woods, for the most part; what in France they call *forêts*, traversed by long straight roads, which here and there meet in star or rond-point, just as at Fontainebleau. And under the gay little trees these woods are carpeted with the richest moss, and absolutely rippling over with flowers—cowslips in such lavish profusion as I never saw else-

where; bluebells, dog-violets, splendid strawberry-blossom, wind-flowers, and the delicate leaves of ivy running up the stems like embroidery. When I first drove slowly through these woods, and saw the firmament of flowers, I was reminded of that ideal garden where—

'The sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and
across,
Some open at once to the sun and the
breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming
trees,
Were all framed with daisies and deli-
cate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels.'

Lastly, you will want to know in what sort of a house papa and I are living, so I will describe exactly what I now see with my eyes. I am sitting in a little triangular garden, with my ink in my left hand and my writing-case on my knee (just as they say Miss Braddon writes her novels, but I don't believe it!), and I see what makes a very amusing contrast with your quaint old top-chamber at Christ Church, which looks as if it had been built by Archbishop Laud at least. I, sitting on a cane garden-chair which threatens to give way every moment, see before me a little house (our present abode), which looks as if it were meant for a race of German dolls to live in. It is a chalet with very deep eaves, three stories high, and two rooms on a floor, a staircase running up outside, and a little kitchen built out behind. When papa walks along the balcony which gives access to his bedroom on the first-floor, he looks like the good father in a melodrama, prepared to say, 'Bless you, my children!' over the rails. The room adjoining his bedroom is fitted up as his sitting-room; for he is very lame. As for me, I sleep upstairs, in a tiny room

under the eaves, with an arched ceiling just like a boat turned upside down. It makes me feel like a house-marten, and inclined to twitter when I wake in the morning. The festive and unreal appearance of this abode is increased by the staircase, the wooden pillars and the balconies being lavishly draped with ivy. Such is our *châlet*; and one of its many innocent peculiarities is its echo and the effects of ventriloquism caused by its deep overhanging eaves, so that I sometimes think papa is speaking down in the garden, when he is really standing just behind me in an angle of the balcony. It would be a dangerous house to have secrets in; but you know I have none. I will just add that my window looks to the west, over the ornate gardens of the *château*, which slope down just across the road. The place was built for Madame de Pompadour, and I see the high roofs rising over brilliant tufts of lilac and laburnum and guelder-rose. I have just heard that it is inhabited by a widow lady of large fortune.

Now, dear, good-bye. Papa sends love (only he says that is my feminine way of putting it). He also says he hopes you will not forget to arrange for Dublin *at once*, when the long vacation begins, as Uncle George wants the Bank matter attended to. My dear old darling,

I am your ever affectionate

sister,

ELLEN O'HARA.

LETTER II.

Marly St. Anne, Easter Monday.

I have seen the Lady of the Castle, dear Gerard. Don't you want to hear that she is young, lovely, rich—suitable as Mrs.

Gerard O'Hara, of Black Hill? You shall hear what she looks like.

On Good Friday morning there were of course no bells, but I asked at the inn what time service would commence; and at a quarter to nine papa and I set off up the road. The little church—or rather chapel—is not exactly pretty, but very carefully kept, and the floor is boarded—a great comfort, for papa finds the stone floors of the old French churches so cold. A high dark panelling runs round the walls, and there are several pictures. The side-altar, surmounted by a very modern ideal of the Blessed Virgin, was decorated with a profusion of camellias. M. le Curé is not, they tell me, very old, but he trembles with paralysis, and looks seventy at least. His face is almost grotesque in its rugged ugliness; and yet, when one looks well into it, the expression is both sweet and lofty. The congregation was very scanty. The village girls sat under charge of a sister before the side-altar; but the boys were all grouped together within the rails of the sanctuary, and fidgeted so that M. le Curé was fain to snap at them with a sudden change of face and an indignant '*taïs-toi!*' The reason of this arrangement is that the schoolmaster chants the office (and a dreadful voice he has!), and so cannot mind the children too. No other man, young or old, but the sacristan was in the church that morning, except, of course, papa and M. Henri Grandet. The congregation consisted of a few village women in white caps, ourselves, and the Grandets, and one lady who knelt on a red-velvet chair close to the altar-rails. I could see she was dressed in black, and wore a black hat with a feather; and as we took our seats I said to myself, 'Perhaps that is the

Lady of the Castle. I *hope* I should have thought no more about her there and then, but that in the very middle of the mass a little child who strayed away from one of the kneeling women toddled up the centre of the chapel and stopped close to the lady, staring at her with the profound and whimsical attention which children bestow on anything attractive. The lady turned her head, and seemed about to put out her hand, for the child was just behind M. le Curé; but the chanting school-master gave a dexterous whisk to the curly head, which subsided among the others, turned to stone for the moment by the majestic terrors of his eye.

When the service was over, the lady in black left the chapel before we did; and seeing me turn my head to look after her, papa rebuked me for my distraction. But really, Gerard, how can one help taking an interest in one's fellow-Christians, particularly in a small place like this? And then, you see, except Madame Grandet and myself, she was the only lady in the church on Good Friday; which I thought so extraordinary, as there are several great houses within two or three miles; and in Ireland, you know, the smallest country chapel would have been thronged with eager worshippers of all ranks.

Well, I didn't defend myself to papa, as we walked across the little open Place with the fountain and the stumpy trees, the black lady being some twenty yards in advance. I was struck with her firm rapid walk—that of a woman accustomed to exertion. She went down the hill towards the open gate of the château, where the pretty lodge stands on one side, and the Swiss dairy on the other, and the drive sweeps by the pond with the water-lilies and the weep-

ing willows. Of course I made up my mind she was going to enter, and then I should have been certain who she was: but no; she turned off short into the great courtyard of the inn; and as she turned, I saw her face—certainly not a young face—forty-five at least—but a fine intelligent countenance, with such beautiful eyes! However, you must forgive me for the suspense in which I have kept you, dear Gerard; you see she is quite too old for an undergraduate!

Well, luckily for me and my intense curiosity, there fell a short, sharp shower, *une giboulée d'Avril*, and papa, laughing at the way in which the elements served my turn, took shelter with me under the lime-tree nearest the gate. The black lady was standing at the door of the inn, her prayer-book in her hand, talking with the mistress, who seemed full of eager deference, ejaculating *madame* every moment, and expatiating on the violence of the shower. Finally, both withdrew into the shadow of the house, and I noticed the sweeping way in which the lady gathered up the ample folds of her shining black silk to avoid the paint. She looked as statuesque as our modern costume will allow, but perhaps that isn't saying much. As they disappeared, the gust of rain drifted away over the hills, and papa declared that he wouldn't wait there another moment; it looked as if we were waiting on purpose, and he carried me off down the hill, scolding all the way; and I did not know all that afternoon whether she were the lady of the château or not.

LETTER III.

This morning, dear Gerard, we had a call from Mr. and Mrs. Symonds; they had heard there were English people in the village, and could not resist a little neighbourly politeness. They made the excuse of wanting to know how Josephine got on. Josephine is our maid and their concierge's daughter, and we had seen them before when we went to engage her. Who are the Symonds? you will say. Why, don't you remember the great English tea-shop in the Rue de Rivoli? Mr. Symonds is *very* rich, so rich that he sets up here as a country gentleman, in a large white house only second to the château. It is called the Villa—La Villa de Marly de St. Anne. The family keep a great deal of company, and three nights ago they gave a party, to which a number of English came rolling out in their carriages, making nothing of the eight miles between here and Paris. I have been wondering who and what these English were, and whether there is a large and wealthy circle of a commercial kind of whom we know nothing. Our friends, you see, are nearly all Irish or French; but I don't fancy the professional English in Paris mix with the shopkeepers any more than they would at home.

But, whoever they mix with, the ladies of the Symonds family are very well-mannered and well-dressed—full French toilettes, of course—and Miss Symonds very pretty. She is engaged to a young French doctor, a Protestant, and the wedding is to take place next month at the Oratoire. M. Coquerel *père* will marry them. She told me she often went to the Oratoire with Adolphe Langel's mother, who was a strict French Protestant, and thought M. Coquerel

very lax, and Coquerel *fils* a lost lamb. But the old lady had attended the Oratoire all her life, and abided by it still, though her own doctrine is of a severer quality; and Emily Symonds, who is very sweet and amiable, has promised to be married there, and not at Mr. Archer Gurney's church, which she would like much better.

All this came out during the half-hour call, with many smiles and blushes. Mother and daughter seemed immensely surprised to hear we had been to the village church, till we told them we were Irish. 'But,' said they, 'Harding is not an Irish name.' 'No,' I replied, 'but our name is O'Hara; your French servants did not understand it.' And then I told them how we came of a family with a proved genealogy older than that of any of the English nobility (unless it be Lord Ashburnham, of Ashburnham Park, in Sussex), and how papa's mother was descended from the Gerardines, the noble Normans who became adopted sons and passionate lovers of Ireland; and how either a boy or girl in his family had from generation to generation always borne their grand old name. I told them, sir, how I had a brother Gerard and a dear aunt Gerardine, and then I told them about our great-uncle Gerard and the insurrection of Wexford in '98. In fact, we made a great many mutual confidences, Miss Emily and I, and our conversation ended in Mrs. Symonds asking us to spend Sunday evening at their house; they have so far yielded to foreign fashions as to receive on Sunday. So we shall go, my dear, and I shall keep this letter till then, as I may have something to add, for a fourpenny postage costs fourpence, according to old Bridget's way of stating household problems of economy.

Tuesday.

En effet we went up to the Villa St. Anne at eight o'clock. The family habitually dine at seven, to give Mr. Symonds time to come out from Paris after the closing of the shop. He generally attends himself, for it is half warehouse and half shop, and the family speak of it without reticence or affectation. There is not the same distinction abroad as at home between wholesale and retail.

As papa and I walked up the hill the sun was setting in an arch of the great aqueduct of Marly, peeping out like an eye of fire, and these lovely, gracious hills were just veiling themselves with twilight. Oh, Gerard! how beautiful they are; never did I feel the newness of the spring as in this place. The bell of the little church rang three times, and papa and I went in, but it was quite empty. You remember Miss Proctor's lines—

'The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,
One lamp alone, with trembling ray,
Told of the Presence there.'

I never go into an empty church in the evening without thinking of them. The side chapel was a mass of white lilacs, which filled the place with their strong perfume. Papa and I said each a little prayer for you, dear Gerard (we never forget you, you who are all we have), and then we went on up the hill. Before we reached the gate of the villa, which gate is considerably higher than the house itself, the sun had quite gone down; the aqueduct stood out cold and grey against a dim, gloomy sky; the mists were rising over the valley of the Seine and the wood of Vesinet, and one star trembled above the poplars which surround the château, in an upper window of which a steady light was burning.

Our experience of Villa St. Anne was an odd mixture. The head of the house is so completely English, a nice, cheerful, and not ungentelemanly man, with a large head of fair hair, who sticks to his pale ale, and is a connoisseur in horseflesh. He talked to me about a nursery and training-place for young horses about a mile off, called the Harnas. A great plot of woodland was cleared for the purpose, and here the creatures may be seen playing about like kittens. He also described with enthusiasm the steeplechases at La Marche, an estate in the neighbourhood which once belonged to Marie Antoinette, who had a dairy there, and a great pigeon-house for 6000 pigeons. In 1830 La Marche belonged to M. Arnold Scheffer, brother to the celebrated painter, and his wife took down the royal *chiffre* from the balconies, fearing an incursion of roughs from the town of St. Cloud; how it came eventually into the hands of a company of sportsmen; how six horses ran a steeplechase in 1851; how an old French steed of the name of Emilius beat five English ones, but only after knocking down two yards of kitchen-garden walls, landing his jockey on the cabbage-bed, and tumbling over Pony, with his rider, Sir H. Clifton—all these facts, and plenty more about succeeding steeplechases, did Mr. Symonds divulge to me. I could not help thinking what curiously different associations and charms the same country may have for its different inhabitants. To me these golden hills are more like the Arcadia of the poets than any place I ever saw. Ages of culture have added a certain stately grace to their natural beauty. Such must have been the landscape of Arcadia (to judge by Claude and Ponsain, who inhabited therein). M. Henri has an excellent print of

the famous picture in which the classic peasants are reading the monumental inscription, 'I, too, have lived in Arcadia,' and I think it must have been painted here.

Mr. Symonds was also very full of his gardener, a Swiss whom he has lately engaged, and who certainly keeps the conservatories in splendid order. There is a sort of winter garden near the house, with gravelled walks and parterres of fine moss, all roofed over with glass, which struck me very much. He tries to get his future son-in-law to interest himself in these things, but in vain. The young doctor is absorbed in his profession. He aspires to be the Horace Bianchon of the Second Empire; you remember Bianchon in Balzac's novels, which papa used to read to us, leaving out all the most interesting parts (I am sure), because he said they were not proper. Anyhow those readings filled my mind with a whole gallery of French people who are as real to me as if I knew them; and now, when I go into French families, I can't help looking out for the types. For the sake of his betrothed, the doctor, who reads English very well, has been working away at a quantity of English novels which he bought in the Tauchnitz edition at Galignani's. The last was 'Aurora Floyd,' which took his breath away as a specimen of the British demoiselle. I advised him, as a counteractive, to get the 'Heir of Redclyffe,' which I found he had never read. Do you remember the ecstasies into which our cousin the Abbé O'Hara went into about that book; how in one of his rare holidays (it was after the cholera, when he had worked himself into an illness) he came and talked to us for a whole hour about a novel lent to him by some English Catholic ladies at Dieppe? He was so pros-

trated by low fever that he had to lie in his balcony all day, and this 'Roman Anglais,' all about 'deux jeunes époux,' quite took his sympathetic heart by storm. And he told us in his curious tender language, half French, half Irish, that he really couldn't lay it down. It reminded him so of his young sister, Bridget, who had lost her husband in the first year of their married life. In fact, the good abbé confessed to having cried over this novel, and then, by dint of questions, we made out that it was the 'Heir of Redclyffe.'

Besides Mr. Symonds and the doctor another gentleman was at the villa, an Italian, whom they called the Marchese Paolo, or more generally *le Comte Paul* (I notice that the French pronounce all proper names *à la Française*). He was very handsome and gentlemanly, though almost past middle age—fifty, I should think. You know what fine men those *fair* Italians are, quite different from the dark heroes we believed in when we were children; not a bit like the Bravo of Venice or the Black Baron of Braganza, but like our cousin's husband, Enrico, or that elegant refugee whom we used to meet everywhere. *Le Comte Paul* is of that fair Lombard race; his hair is curling brown, slightly touched with silver, and his eyes are a light hazel, capable of great momentary expression. I can believe they might look very loving; I am *sure* they could look very angry. I think the fair Italians are more terrible than the dark; I expect their blood is crossed with that of the Goth and the Hun.

At first I could not imagine what brought him to the Villa St. Anne, till I heard him talking about horses to Mr. Symonds. He wants a little horse for his son to ride, and had accepted a bad in

order that he might go early next morning to the *haras* to see a pony. Miss Symonds, who is very sympathetic, a little like the gushing young lady of 'Punch,' fell to asking questions about the 'little boy.' 'He is not a child,' said *Comte Paul*; 'he is nearly as tall as I am, and fifteen years old.' And I thought he wanted to turn the subject.

After tea we all went out on the terrace. It was quite dark by that time; the sky was studded with stars, but there was no moon. We looked down across the garden and the roofs of the village to the château, half a mile below us, embosomed in its dense woods and flowering shrubberies, the tall poplars standing up like black sentinels. They reminded me of the cypresses of the Villa D'Este, and I said so to *Comte Paul*, who was leaning over the parapet. 'Ah! mademoiselle, you know Rome,' said he. I answered 'Indeed I do,' and he said no more. He comes up every now and then to the surface of the conversation like a fish, and then drops down again into abysses of silence. I don't know whether to like him or not. At that moment a murmur of children's voices rose up from the cottages, babies being carried off to bed, and Antoinettes and Mariettes, in best Sunday clothes, being caught up by lively mothers against their little wills. Once or twice a rough voice broke the sweet stillness—revellers returning from some cabaret; for I am sorry to say our charming St. Anne is not quite so sober as one could wish. But such an occasional discord only seemed to bring out the unearthly stillness and beauty of the scene. As the night wind swayed the branches of the intervening trees I thought I still saw the light in the east window of the château. I tried to show it

to Miss Symonds, but it was lost every moment with the trembling of the leaves. She called out to the doctor to come and look at it, and he came towards us with the *Comte*. 'What is it, *chère Emilie*,' said he, in his courteous tones; 'a light at the château? It must be the window of the chapel—Madame Silvia is at evening prayers.' 'Does madame always read evening prayers, that you thus affirm her present occupation, M. Langel?' asked the *Comte*. 'Oh, yes, she is very *dévotée*,' said Emily. Mrs. Symonds, the kindest of souls, added, 'Yes, indeed, and most benevolent and charitable.' She was afraid that Emily had forgotten we were of the same faith as Madame Silvia, and that something might be said which would wound our feelings.

'Do tell me about Madame Silvia,' said I, 'is she the lady of the château?' 'Certainly,' replied Miss Symonds; did you not know that St. Anne was honoured by the residence of that famous actress?—'You don't mean,' I cried, 'that she is *that* Madame Silvia?—of the opera—of the tragic stage—Rachel's rival—Ristori's superior?' 'Assuredly! who else should she be? We have not got two Madame Silvias in Europe!' Seeing my astonishment (which was, however, very absurd, and only arose from my having romanced to myself about the unknown lady of the château), Miss Symonds laughed, and said, 'Rien de plus simple. Of course she has made a large fortune, and as our château is one of the most beautiful sites near Paris, and as the former owner died just at the time that Madame Silvia renounced the stage, she very naturally bought it, and here she lives, busied with her gardens and dairies, her woods and conservatories. I assure you she makes an incomparable *châ-*

telaine. M. de Marigny, the proprietor of the nearest large property (the long white house on the hill about two miles off), is never tired of talking about her perfection. "Ah," says he, "she is a woman of order! Such cows, such horses! and her woods all cut in rotation. Never too much, never too little, and new plantations made, and all the miles of railing so neat and perfect." "Precisely," said Mr. Symonds, laughing at his daughter's recapitulation. "If Madame Silvia has a fault, it must be looked for across those railings. She fills up the gaps through which the children crept in M. Durand de Morel's time (though he was reckoned a very good farmer), and the democratic spirit of St. Anne objects to her stringent ideas on private property." "Ah! but the Emperor is worse than Madame Silvia! he railed off that charming bit of broken ground at the very top of the hill, on pretence of a summer palace for the Prince Imperial, which never gets built. And if Madame Silvia is strict, I am sure she is very liberal: look at the school fêtes!" "And as to her woods," broke in Mrs. Symonds, "I am sure every respectable family in the place has a key." "The sisters of the Ecole Communale," said Emily, "say they never had to do with any one so generous and so thoughtful." "You little Papist!" said her father; "the sisters and Madame Silvia are in league to get you over to their side." "No, they won't do that," said Adolphe Langel, with a prompt decision; "but I must say that Madame Silvia has always been most kind and attentive to my mother, though she knows how unbending she is on matters of religion." "Ah! but she is grateful, dear Adolphe! she does not forget the day when Lili fell off the tree." "Who is

Lili?" said the voice of *Comte Paul* in the darkness. He was still leaning over the parapet, and he did not turn his head as he spoke. "Lili is Madame Silvia's only child," said Miss Symonds; "and one day when we were all in the grounds at a fête, Adolphe and I heard a violent crying and screaming; we ran up and found the little girl hanging by her torn white frock from a jagged branch of one of the great horse-chestnuts about six feet from the ground. One of the servants had lifted her on to the fork of the great tree, just to please her, and was coming back, it seems, to fetch her; but the child wanted to get down, and her foot slipped, and her frock caught, and there she hung, like a poor little partridge on a hook. She was not hurt, but being a very delicate nervous child, she screamed and cried for half an hour, and Madame Silvia was very thankful to have Adolphe on the premises, for we were afraid the little thing would go into a convulsion." "And where is little Lili's papa?" said our papa, with all his innocent Irish simplicity. "Madame Silvia's husband is dead," said Emily, in her sympathetic voice; "Lili cannot remember him." "There certainly was some mystery about Madame Silvia's marriage; I remember"—began Adolphe, indiscreetly; but Mr. Symonds turned the conversation, and taking up a handsome kitten that was stalking stealthily over the parapet, began to give a family history of its great-grandmother, Carnivore, the patriarchal long-haired cat at the village inn, whose ferocious name is by no means borne out by its mild and dignified aspect.

In a few minutes we all broke up. I tied on my hat and walked home with papa, the *Comte* walking beside us with a cigar, which

he would not smoke on the terrace. When we came opposite the iron gates of the château, we saw the clear steady light still burning; but it was extinguished as we turned down towards our own little home. 'Madame Silvia has finished her prayers,' said papa. The Comte wished us good-night, and I turned up the hill back to the villa.

This is an endless letter, dear Gerard. Good-bye!

LETTER IV.

Congratulate me, dear boy! I have had my wish; I have seen the Lady of the Castle; seen her! spoken to her! and this is how it came to pass. One very hot day, Miss Symonds came down the village about two o'clock in the afternoon, and saw something lying on the grass in the little triangular enclosure at the end of our garden, where the two roads fork and an immense poplar springs up just at the apex. She went up to the rail, and looking over saw that the object was a man in a blue blouse, with his face turned round to the root of the tree. While she hesitated what to do, thinking it very dangerous for him to be thus exposed to the heat of the burning sunshine, up came another workman. He leant over, and shouted, but in vain; the motionless figure lay like a log; then approached two or three more. 'Qui est-ce donc?' said one; and another climbed the rail, and peering at the half-buried face, said, 'Tiens! c'est Beauvallon!'—'Beauvallon!' ejaculated numbers two, three, and four, in various tones of surprise, indignation, and disgust. Number one tore down a switch, and tickled the sleeper's ear, but the mild remonstrance was ineffectual. At last two of

the men managed to unfasten the wisps of a sort of gate leading into the little enclosure, and together they lifted up the prostrate body, and bore it out into the road. Poor Beauvallon! drink and the heat of the sun together had laid him low, and neither sense nor motion could be got out of his heavy limbs and purple face. Miss Symonds stood at a little distance, while the culprit was being borne up the village, and saw a woman in a white frilled cap emerge from one of the cottages and hold loud and tearful discourse over Beauvallon! After watching him carried into his own dwelling, Emily pursued her way to me, and we had tea together in the garden, at four precisely—a custom to which I adhere faithfully in this foreign land. When the heat was somewhat on the decline, we set off up the village, to inquire whether a bucket of cold water had produced the usual sobering effect. Madame Beauvallon is our *lingère*, so that we could easily make an errand to her cottage. But alas! when we reached the place, we found the busy laundry at a standstill. The poor man was paying dear for his indiscretion. He lay, still insensible, on his bed; his wife crying over him, and his eldest boy had gone down to Le Pecq for the doctor. Emily Symonds went up to the bedside, and then, terrified at the heavy bloodshot face, she cried, 'We must fetch Madame Silvia!' and ran out of the cottage and across the little Place to the great gates of the château, I following her. We saw the marks of wheels on the drive, and then a little hooded carriage before the door; and on the step was a little white-haired man with a tuft sticking out over his forehead (just for all the world like the pictures of the unicorn), while in

the open door stood a lady, *the* lady, her hat with its thick black plumes dangling in her hand. She was speaking, as we came up, in a deep sweet contralto; and I gathered in an instant that her companion was the doctor himself. Emily told her story, and the little man gathered up his reins, and set off at a sharp speed down the park, grumbling at the increasing love of drink among the villagers, while Madame Silvia tied on her hat and went the same road with us on foot. As we walked I stole glances at her, and my first impressions were confirmed. She was not young. She had been beautiful, was so still, and now that I knew who she was the power and freedom of her carriage was naturally explained. When we neared the cottage, we saw the hot, tired boy, who had been all the way to Le Pecq, hurrying up the road. We told him that the doctor had been found, and was even now with his father. Madame Beauvallon was on the threshold, prepared with a volley of explanations, and through the open window we heard the doctor's voice muttering, as he stood by Beauvallon's bedside, '*Coup de soleil, compliqué de excès de table!*'

We left, after expressing our sympathy. I will just observe that Beauvallon did not die; which was more than he had a right to expect, considering his double imprudence; and that I felt proper Christian charity towards him, as he had procured for me an introduction to Madame Silvia. That lady walked by our side across the Place, and passed through her own gates. I naturally followed Emily, who went on talking all the time; but when we reached the house, seeing me hesitate on the doorstep, the mistress turned towards me and said, with a courteous smile, '*Mademoiselle*

may like to see the fine old château. It has some interesting historical associations, and I know that she is now a resident in our neighbourhood.' Emily looked up, as if to say, 'How does Madame Silvia know anything about it?' The lady answered, with a grave smile, 'I saw *mademoiselle* at church.'

And now, my dear, I must tell you something about the château, because, to me, Madame Silvia exists in a background of poetical associations, and I know you will want to realize the whole picture with me. Well, then, on this estate a son of Clovis built a hermitage, and about twelve hundred years ago (centuries are nothing when one goes off into history) somebody else left it to the monastery of St. Germain des Près. you remember my favourite church in Paris, don't you, with its thirteenth-century Gothic, and the frescoes by Hippolyte Flandrin, which I once took you to see. I think I liked the Château of St. Anne better, if possible, than before, when I found that it had once belonged to St. Germain des Près. Now I take a gigantic leap, and inform you that about two hundred years ago the estate passed by purchase to Louis XIV. François, Prince de Marsillac, Duc de la Rochefaucauld et de la Rocheaiguyon (what a string of splendid names for one man!), helped the king to some of the purchase money, and had a sort of right to the place, so that when the Grand Monarque, accompanied by Madame de Maintenon, came here to sup, in June, 1693, it was the Duc who received them. It is touching to think of the haughty old king—'*notre maître*,' as Madame de Sévigné used to call him—standing by the door of Madame de Maintenon's chair, hat in hand. It would doubtless be a lovely

night in June when the royal party came over from Marly. Our chestnuts were young then, and the gardens of St. Anne were planted in semicircular avenues, like those of the king's summer palace on the hill. Cannot you fancy how they stood on the terrace to see the sun go down, and how they drove home through the wild chase to Marly-le-Roi?

Later on the château belonged to Madame de Pompadour, then to a *fermier-général*, after that to two successive noblemen, and at the Revolution it fell into the hands of the *Bande Noire*, from whom it was bought by M. Durand de Morel, whose memory is still a sweet savour in the neighbourhood. He was devoted to agricultural experiments and a splendid flock of merinos. This fine old *pair de France* kept the best of grand company at St. Anne, and trimmed up and adorned the glorious grounds and gardens, now planted after the English model; but here and there one sees a circular sweep of the trees, a double arcade like those at Marly, where St. Simon declared it was so unsafe to whisper secrets. So you see that Madame Silvia had possessed herself of a noble old mansion, fit for a great artist's retirement. It is a fine large white house, with two slightly projecting wings, and a high-pitched roof, seen far and wide over the country. The main entrance is behind, on the hill; and by the garden front a person descends to the terrace, whence is a noble view over the blossoming hill-side down to the Seine and the great curve of St. Germain.

I hope you won't be bored by my description, as it is the background of my portrait.

The inhabitant of this romantic abode is, as I have twice told you, by no means young. The five-and-forty years which have passed over

her head have touched her dark hair with grey; and the tall figure is always draped in black or violet. The features are of a classical type. They remind me of some marble beauty in the Vatican, such as took the imagination of the poet—

‘Home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.’

But the straight-lined, delicate features are fired into life by the vivid flashes of feeling which shoot across them like summer-lightning and tinge the worn, pale cheeks with rose-colour. And the eyes, Gerard, are like our mother's eyes, which neither you nor I inherit—dark, thoughtful, almost stern in repose, but capable of wonderful expressions of tenderness. They are eyes which can caress like the touch of a hand; but the ordinary expression is of weariness, and when her face is not lighted up by emotion you would give her more than her years. Yet when she wishes to bestow a welcome or render a service, it suffices that those same features take a charming expression of tenderness, which for the moment transfigures the whole countenance. Some Italian, some Irish eyes possess this power, seeming by moments to fling out the soul.

Don't laugh at my enthusiasm for a face that is five-and-forty years old! It is the privilege of art, high art, to develop and interpret the special beauty of every age. Are not Titian's white-headed Doges of Venice nobly beautiful? and Michael Angelo's sibyls, and many a Mater Dolorosa of the Christian Church? Balzac, the prince of critical observers, says that no woman is worth looking at till she is past thirty, till the round curves of the *beauté du diable* are chiselled by the workings of the soul.

Now, what a long way I have travelled from the hall-door, where we all three paused on the threshold, and from whence Madame Silvia ushered us across the hall, which runs quite through the house, and whence the rooms on either side stretch out, with windows that look out on the terrace. Such rooms! Though you know I have seen some of the most beautiful houses in England and Ireland, when visiting with papa, I never in my life saw such perfect, fitting luxury; the furniture elegantly simple, the floors richly parquetered and spread with Turkish carpets, which lie lightly upon the polished wood. Upon the walls are pictures of the most refined French school. There is one large Ary Scheffer, and others by Hamon, Corot, Daubigny, and Courbet, while Chaplin, who so seldom paints portraits now, had contributed a charming picture of a child. On pedestals and marble brackets were groups of white marble—a replica of Hatty Hosmer's Puck, a copy of the exquisite Diane Chasacresse, in the Louvre, and an upturned head of one of Niobe's daughters, which bore so singular a resemblance to Madame Silvia's own profile that I could not help smiling as it caught my eye; and I knew by the half-conscious smile that met my own that the likeness had been noticed before. And between the groups of marble, and clustered in corners, and heaped on stands in the embrasures of the windows, were camellias in full blossom—camellias by hundreds, in clumps and in bushes, white, scarlet, variegated—which filled up spaces, and were reflected in mirrors, and lit up a contrast with the massive green of the woods without, and imparted a glow of tropical beauty to the rooms, through which moved the gracious figure of the *châtelaine*, with the

dignity inspired by her age and character, and with the trained grace of a person accustomed to appear before large and critical audiences. For there is nothing of the impulsive genius about Madame Silvia—little even that is spontaneous, in our Irish sense of the word. She bears her reputation in her presence, which is full of ease and dignity; and everything in her person, her dress, her house, breathes a beautiful spirit of order, the individual reflection of that

'Which doth preserve the stars from
wrong,
Through whom the ancient heavens are
fresh and strong.'

Emily bent over a china vase filled with cut flowers, and asked Madame Silvia if she paid much attention to her garden. 'Ah, no!' she replied, smiling. 'I have too many other things to do. I am obliged to leave the flowers to Dominique;' and then she added, '*d'abord il faut vivre!*' And indeed such a large house and numerous servants, and no master, must give her a great deal to do, to say nothing of all the pains she spends on the estate. Of the stage there was no trace; neither book nor picture to remind a visitor that she had been the Madame Silvia of European triumphs.

As we were standing in the chief saloon, looking at the spacious view over the valley of the Seine, the door opened softly, and a little head peeped in—a fair-haired head, in which I recognised the original of Chaplin's picture. It was a delicate child, with eyes of golden brown and a clear, cloudless complexion. She reminded me of the great picture at Venice of the Presentation of the Virgin, in which the Child, dressed in a long blue gown, is mounting the Temple steps. The frock of the little one who

now advanced timidly into the room was held up in front, and made a bag, out of which peeped three black kittens' heads. Madame Silvia held out her arms with a lovely maternal tenderness in every line of her face. The little girl, casting shy glances at us, went up to her mother, emptied the kittens unceremoniously into Madame Silvia's black silk dress, and said, in a clear little voice, 'Gustave brought them in a basket.' 'Much obliged,' said Madame Silvia, laughing. 'This makes six, with the two tabbies and the White Princess.' As she spoke she put the kittens at her feet, and Lili leant over her mother's knee, pointing downwards, and said, 'But *that* is for Rosaline, and *that* is for M. Grandet, and *that*—' she hesitated a moment, and then said, triumphantly, in the loud tone of infantine secrecy, 'and *that's* for papa.' In an instant her mother's face flushed crimson, and though

she struggled, and successfully, to regain control over brow and cheek, a flush still lingered as she said, turning gravely to Emily, 'It is many years since I lost my husband. Lili cannot remember him; but we often talk of him together, and my child fancies he will return.' She said this with perfect gentleness; but she put the little girl off her knee, and quietly left the room. In a few minutes she re-entered, and we rose to say good-bye; but a shadow seemed to have fallen on the bright and beautiful room. Little Lili had softly trotted away to one of the windows, and stood with her finger on her lip, looking out at the wide view with the wistful, preoccupied look of a sensitive child who feels something is wrong. Madame Silvia said farewell at the door of the château, and we walked away, feeling a little uncomfortable.

This is all my story of to-day; so good-night, dear Gerard.

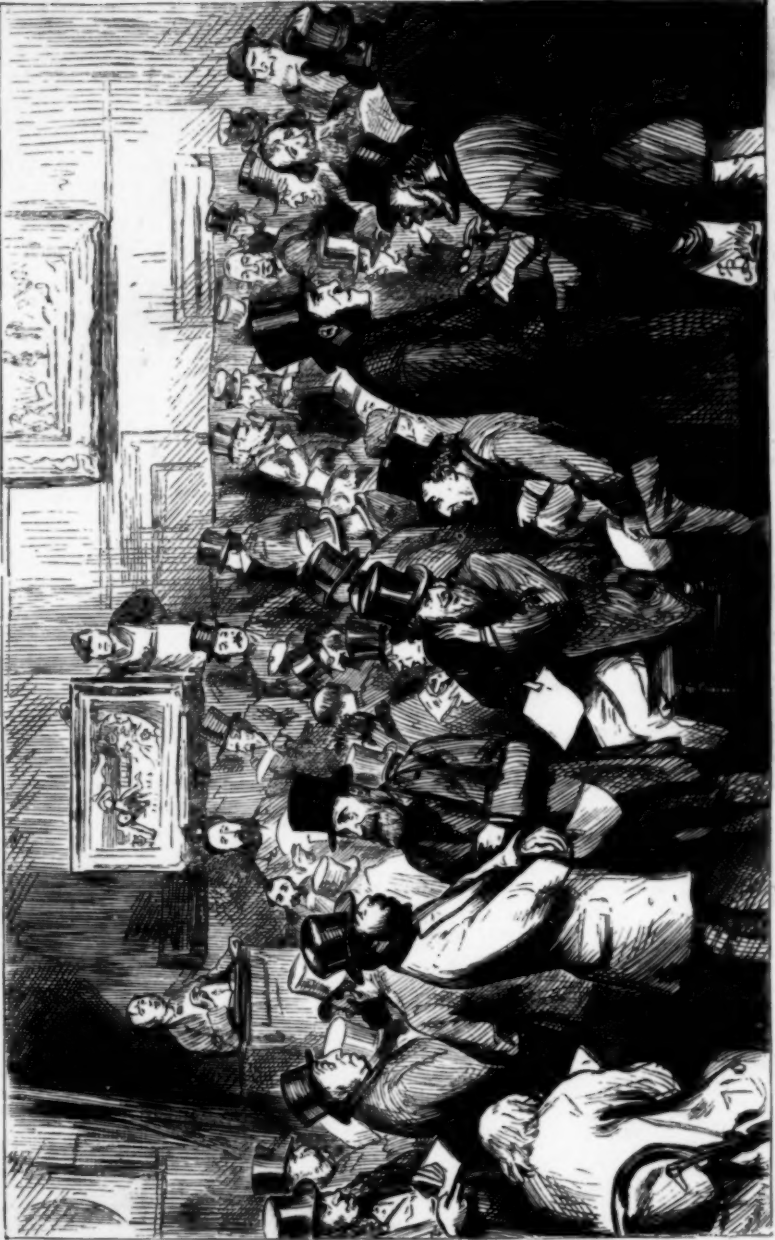


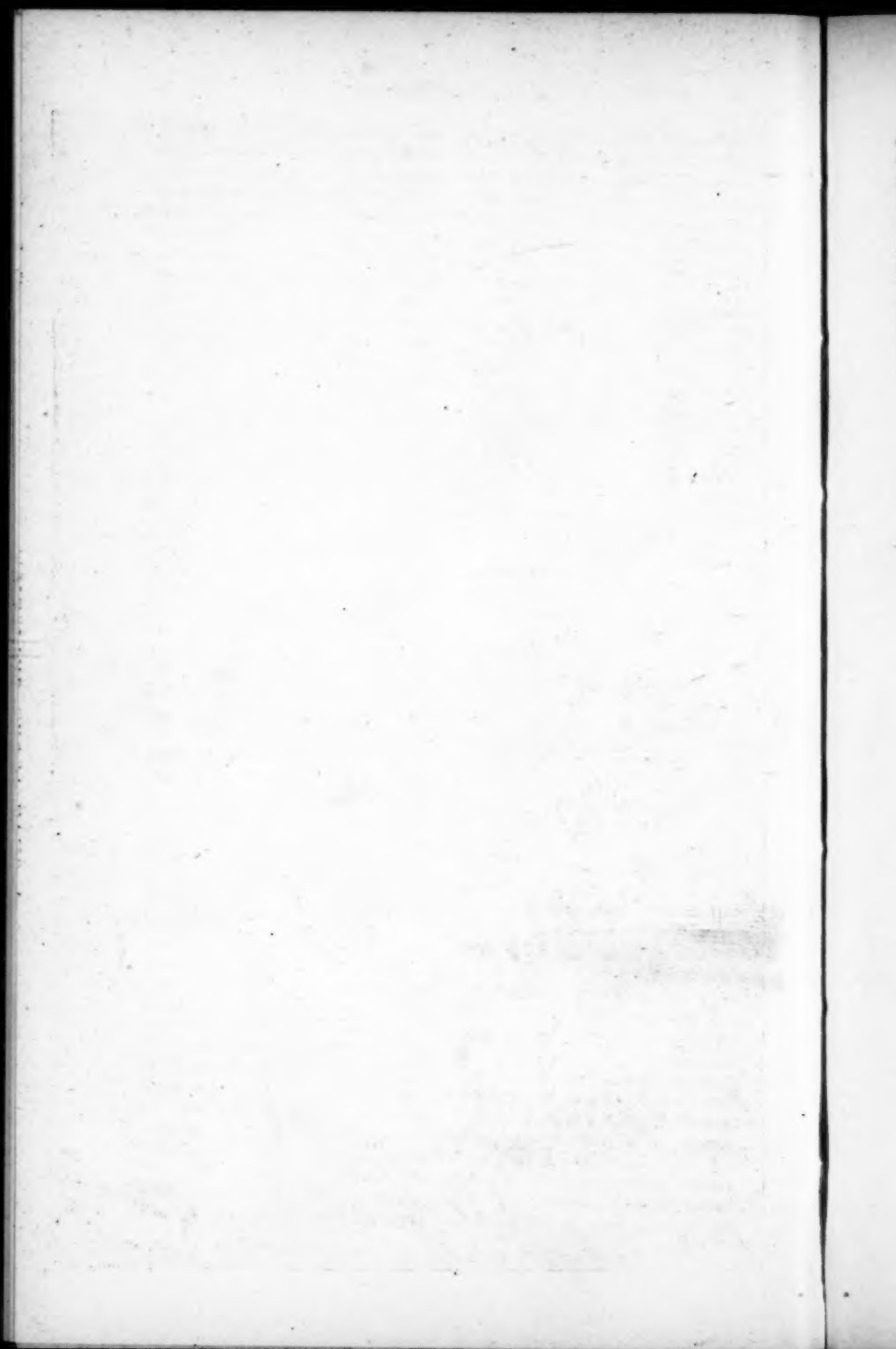
A CHAT ABOUT CHRISTIE'S.

SOME day must be written, when we can meet with a modern Balzac, the Utopian life of the man who has nothing to do; I mean the happy individual who is not too rich or too poor, a bachelor of course, with no cares, responsibilities, or anxiety. If he is a very rich bachelor with an estate to look after, or a yacht to manage, racehorses to worry him, and dowagers perpetually angling for him, half the charm of his life will be gone. He cannot then do as he likes. His chambers in the Albany will be full of sycophants, his Italian gardens and model farm will give him no peace, he will be forced to run down to Erith for every yacht race during the season, his racehorses will cause him more anxiety than a business in the city; and as to the dowagers, and the pretty girls, they will instantly introduce him to a round of never-ending balls, kettledrums, opera-going, dinners at Richmond, visits to country houses, pigeon-matches at Hurlingham, Sunday luncheons, botanical fêtes, Crystal Palace Saturdays, fancy fairs, and other feminine devices, by means of which the golden-haired daughter, and the eligible bachelor, are brought together. The hero, whose Utopian life I would have written, must possess the happy medium of wealth. He must live well, and complain of being very poor. His tastes must be moderate, and his banker's pass-book kept religiously under lock and key—seen by no eyes but his own. He must be an easy-going, charming fellow, ready on the instant to start for a pleasure-trip from St. Katharine's Docks, and perfectly indifferent if he comes back again in two days, two weeks,

two months, or two years. He must have no engagements, no ties, no relations, and no occupation; the owner of a set of chambers he can lock up at any minute, and put the key in his pocket. Suppose, in the club smoking-room, the conversation turns upon the Passion Play at Ammergau, or the ruins of Paris, he must be prepared to start off the very next morning, to walk to the one or lionize the other. He must be seen at one moment sunning himself in Pall Mall, and at another dozing on the blue lake of Geneva at Vevey. If the Marylebone Eleven be playing the Oxford University, he must be ready to join the team, and appear again on the Magdalen ground, or suddenly inspired with a desire to see his old school, he must have the energy to get up an eleven for the summer, or a band of sturdy football players for the winter. He must be heedless about what hour he goes to bed at night, and indifferent about appearances in connection with the morning rising. He must be cosmopolitan in his wanderings, and eclectic in his tastes. He must be 'hail fellow well met' with artists, authors, actors, journalists, and at home with barristers and medical men. He must be seen at one moment in the smoking-room at the Garrick, and at another sitting up until unholy hours at the Arundel. He must write his letters at the Junior Carlton, and having dined off Crecy soup, red mullet, kromeskis, lamb cutlets, dumpling and iced-pudding, must not turn up his nose at a supper of tripe and onions, in the society of cheery Bohemians, washing down the tripe with a glass of grog, and







driving off the smell of the vegetables with a yard of clay. He must be quite as contented to appear in frock-coat and white waistcoat on the lawn at Skirdles, surrounded by panniers, and pestered with peplums, as he would be in wide-awake and shooting-coat, going down to Margate by the Saturday boat, attending the Hall by the Sea, and watching the extraordinary eccentricity of the British counterjumper, when he is taking his pleasure. It is impossible to conceive a more delightful existence than that of a man who is bound to no faction, pleased in all kinds of society, a student of character, a lover of travel, an annotator of the curiosities of the human race—well-bred enough to be at his ease in a parlour or a pot-house—as contented on the slopes at Scarborough, as on the Margate jetty—as amused at a Licensed Victuallers' Ball as in a Portland Place drawing-room—and with sufficient money to pass him everywhere without any bombast, and to make him welcome wherever he chooses to appear.

For such a hero it is essentially requisite that he should have an innate love of art. Such a love will take him round the studios, send him to musical soirées, interest him in the drama, dismiss him for an Easter to Rome, and banish him for a winter to Spain; make him familiar with Naples, and fascinate him with the dreaminess of Venice, occupy him with furnishing his chambers with quaintness, and rummaging in old bric-a-brac shops for blue china, and gris de Nuremberg; interest him amazingly in every picture in the Uffizzi, and tempt him to Brussels, which fair city is at this moment absolutely loaded with curiosities; put into his head a trip to Antwerp to

see the pictures of the stations of the cross in the Cathedral; and suggest at no distant period a journey to Japan, fascinated with the colour-power shown in the sixpenny fans in the windows of Messrs. Farmer and Rogers in Regent Street. Half the pleasure of the life of my hero would be lost if he had too much money. His income must be to live upon, not for purposes of decoration. He must look and long. He must have the good taste to select the choicest works of art at exhibitions, galleries, and in shop windows, but not the means of buying them. People gifted with a lively imagination have many pleasures at their call, and carry castle-building in the air to a very pretty excess. I myself know a young couple who, commencing married life under the most adverse circumstances, have happily weathered the storm so far. I am bound to say that they have plenty of energy, and lots of luck, but all the energy in the world will be of no avail without luck. He works hard, and she works hard, he to 'make the smoke go up the chimney,' as the old nurses say, and she to make the little go the very longest way, and their life is so successful that it quite irritates those who predicted a fearful collapse. But it must not be imagined that my young people have not extravagant tastes. They are little Sybarites. They detest Philistinism, and have dreams far beyond their means. They have a horror of conventional drawing-rooms, and hanker after the wall-papers of Mr. Morris and his yellow chintzes. They far prefer the mediæval gaslamps of Mr. Hart to the atrocious vulgarities exhibited in the suburban shop. They love to drink out of Salviati glass, and to take tea off Japanese tea-boards, brilliant with scarlet and golden

flamingoes. They have a passion for flowers, and imitate Belgravian windows of exotics with humble double-stocks and perfumed mignonette. Having, however, a pretty baby, and a remnant of conscience, they only 'break out' occasionally. They are reckless by fits and starts. When the Sunday is sunny, and the suburb is dull, visions of Gravesend or Purfleet suggest a little holiday, and often end in whitebait and still-hock. They do these wicked tricks with fear and trembling; but the wickedness is as sweet as stolen kisses, because they are conscious of the sin. When down the suburban road comes a fascinating truck full of blooming geraniums, hydrangeas, calceolarias, and lordly lilies, somehow or other an old coat, or an old pair of boots, or a battered hat is exchanged, and the window-sill is brightened up for a week. They believe the mendicant florist, and find that most of the plants have been potted without any roots, and die away in touching helplessness. I fear my young couple is not anstere and uniformly conscientious. They have a horror of keeping accounts, and though they have flourished, have never lived upon system. They have had luck, but have not at any time shirked hard work. Between the intervals of their dissipation dashes they live upon air-castle building. They give dinner-parties, in imagination, arranging the *ménu*, inviting the guests, placing them at table, pairing them off, anticipating the lively conversation, and writing off the invitations, but the invitations are never sent, and the little dinner never comes off, except in the dreamland created by the young couple. They furnish their pretty house in dreamland. They grub about old streets together, poking their noses into curiosity shops,

fingering old china, discussing old silver, admiring quaint cabinets, sitting in fantastic chairs, routing out Persian trays and pieces of tapestry, and they leave, after investing, say half-a-crown, in an old teapot, as a payment for their footing. My lady, when she takes her walks abroad, clothes herself all the way down Bond Street with Pompadour dresses and Japanese silks, with four button-gloves, and Thierry boots. She buys old lace at one shop, and new dove-coloured costumes at another. She has ribbons here, and caplets there; but it is all in imagination. My lady never buys anything, but comes home quite happy after her excursion into the dreamland of dress. My lord has similar fancies, making himself a customer of Poole, a daily purchaser of a bouquet at Solomon's, a proprietor of a T-cart, and a subscriber to the opera. And when he awakes from dreamland, and goes home to roast shoulder of mutton and onion sauce, he is not dissatisfied. These are some of the pleasures of imagination quoted to show that my original bachelor hero and my reckless young couple belong to pretty much the same school so far as tastes are concerned. The one has steered clear of matrimony, and the others have tumbled into the stream. All these are happy enough in their way.

But to return to my bachelor hero, who I will imagine, with the old sense of reckless indifference, turning out to sun himself after luncheon, careless what he does or what becomes of him until dinner-time. He has devoured all the papers at the club, spent half an hour with the reviews, and consumed a humble chop and a glass of club ale. And so refreshed in mind and body, posted in the affairs of the day, digesting

what he has consumed until the evening papers and dinner-time arrives, he sings with Captain Morris, 'Oh give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.' The bishops are taking themselves to the Athenæum, and the thoroughbred looking travellers are mounting the steps of the quiet-looking establishment next door, tall country gentlemen are munching tooth-picks and smoking eighteen-penny cigars on the steps of the Carlton, cadaverous and very earnest politicians are hustling one another to get into the Reform, all with a business air upon their faces, and blue documents bulging out of their pockets. The War-office clerks are ticking accounts on the other side of the window pane, or taking an after-luncheon stare out of window before they commence work again. The Duke of Cambridge has driven up the well-known mail phaeton between the gates and round the semi-circular sweep, and the sentinels are continuing their never-ending tramp from the door to the sentry-box, from the sentry-box to the door, looking superciliously at the civilians, saluting the military men, and looking very bored, both with themselves and the universe at large. At the Junior Carlton the *jeunesse dorée* is preparing for an afternoon drive, fortified with a taste of Angostura bitters and puffing a mild cigarette; the officer of the guard on duty walking from the St. James's Park to the bay-windowed club, enliven the aristocratic thoroughfare with scarlet. The Marlborough over the way looks more dismal and dead-alive than ever; the everlasting crowd of excited girls and chattering nursemaids are waiting before the gates of Marlborough House for the Prince of Wales, who is laying a foundation-stone in Surrey, and the Princess, who

is at that moment on the lawn at Sandringham. The devotion of the enthusiastic subjects at the gate of Marlborough House is something marvellous. I have seen the royal butcher-boy waiting for admittance attract a crowd there, and any one halting to meet a friend at this particular corner, will in less than two minutes secure the congregation of several dozen. Having surveyed for the thousandth time the faces of the aristocratic old gentlemen in the window of Sams' library, which, in spite of the less familiar name of the present firm will always be Sams' I hope, it may be as well to turn up a dark passage as a short cut into King Street. And what has my young hero to do in King Street. He does not meditate leaving a five-act tragedy at the stage-door of the St. James's for the perusal of Mrs. John Wood, or a burlesque which will put Mr. Burnand to shame. He does not carry a bouquet of roses for Miss Adair or a new pair of pumps for Miss Caroline Parkes. He is not struck with the brilliant notion of asking Mr. Lionel Brough to supper, or of leaving a letter of congratulation on Mr. William Farren. Certainly not. He does not penetrate into the mysteries of that alley of chimney-sweeps, and leaves the stage-door and the actors' court for those whose business compels them to slam the one and traverse the other. At present he has no desire to take chambers at the handsome house at the corner, or to knock at the door of the lodging-house which is decorated with a blue intaglio, and says how a certain ex-emperor (known by 'Daily News' correspondents offensively as the elderly gentleman at Chislehurst) lodged at this very house on the last occasion he visited England in exile. Vulgar curiosity, not

worse of its kind, does not prompt him to pay half-a-crown for an inspection over at Willis's Rooms of the two-headed nightingale combination, the Kentucky giant known as Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, or Miss Swan, the Nova Scotian giantess. He leaves these monstrosities, reeking of Barnum and the worse kind of sensationalism, to be pinched and felt and patted and pawed and stared at and commented on in the very 'halls, the halls of dazzling light,' sacred once to the fashion and refinement of England and to the revered name of Almack. He does not purchase a stall under the portico of the pretty theatre built by Braham the singer, and modelled after the theatre in the Versailles palace. He refuses to be tempted by the assertion that somebody's 'heart is true to Poll,' and wonders not a little that an elegant comedy theatre is given up to the vulgarities and monstrosities of modern burlesque. To the man of taste there is an establishment in King Street more fascinating than two-headed monstrosities, more welcome than giants, more attractive than theatres, more curious than stage-doors or sky-blue intaglios, decorating lodging-houses with a firmament of fame. Over the way there, near that elaborate grocer's shop, is a queer house with a queer-looking portico. A catalogue is nailed to a green baize board on the pilaster, and the leaves of it are turned over and over again by the fitful breeze. This is evidently a place of importance. There is a business-like air about it. Vans are loading and unloading at the portico all day long, and ever and again the lumbering vans have to make way for an elegant brougham by Mr. Peters, and a neat bottle-green T-cart by Mr. Lenny.

Porters and touts, greasy hangers-on and stalwart working men, Christians and Israelites, owners of flash jewelry and well-trimmed duchesses, country squires and dwellers in back slums, cleanly-shaved deans and port-wine drinking parsons, a gaunt archbishop of the old faith and a rosy prelate of the new, a *bond fide* prime minister and several of his Greenwich supporters, dealers and idlers, loungers and artists, apostles of culture and Hebrew persecutors of the English tongue—all pass and re-pass one another in and out of the queer portico of the queer-looking house. What can it all mean? Why this collection? Why this mixed assembly? Wherefore do they gather here, and what have they all come to do? It is easily explained. These are the sale rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, and a great sale of pictures is on to-day.

For the lazy man of taste there is no more delightful lounge than the sale room at Christie's. We will make our way through the green-baize aproned porters at the door, and passing through an avenue of old cabinets, French, Indian, English, and Japanese; cabinets with marble tops and gilt handles, curiously inlaid, reminding you of some French palace; black cabinets and mahogany cabinets, ebony and ivory work; cabinets gorgeous with the golden birds and flower work of Japan; cabinets decorated with delicate care and extreme intricacy by Indian workmen. Then we mount the stairs, and passing through the offices where the clerks are busily employed, we arrive at the room. Let us look round before we attend to the sale, and inquire about the pictures. What a curious set of people, some with their thousands and others with scarcely the price of to-day's

dinner in their pockets. Some have come to buy, others to look on. Some are bent on business and some on pleasure. But there is no attempt to edge out the mere sight-seers. They are not stared at or made uncomfortable. There is no disposition to make them feel that they are not wanted here, and that they take up the room and are in the way. Quite the contrary. It is Liberty Hall. The benches in front of the auctioneer may be secured by the millionaire or the beggar. Tattered old gentlemen may recline on the embroidered chairs, while noblemen stand about waiting for the next vacant seat. There is no distinction of class whatever. The attendants are civil to all alike, and the questions put by the idlers are answered as courteously as if thousands depended on the answer. Here is a well known face at Christie's. He has seen better days. Though his coat is thread-bare, and his neck-cloth frayed, though his boots are in holes, and his nether garments wofully shabby, there is something about the old gentleman which says emphatically that he was not always like this. He is thin and worn, but there is an aristocratic look about him which makes you forget his shabbiness, and reminds you that he has still the tastes and feelings of a gentleman. Quite true. There was a time when he had his library of books, when he owned his gallery of pictures, when he was celebrated for his collection of old china. But some bubble scheme, some mining speculation, brought about a crash, and the treasured collection of a lifetime came to the hammer. The books were torn away from him, the pictures decorated other walls; the china was transferred to other cabinets and was passed through other fingers. This was the beginning

of the end of this old gentleman. One by one his butterfly friends dropped away from him. The old port wine was gone. The mahogany was gone under which they rested their legs so often. What was the use of keeping up the connection? Mysteriously and gradually the relations of the old man died off. His wife died, his children died. He became a bachelor again. Lower and lower down he went. He was compelled to give up his club, the last link which bound him to refined society. He is alone in the world. But where does he live, who takes care of him, what does he live upon, how does he exist? These questions are more easily put than answered. He is a mystery—one of the unintelligible mysteries with which London abounds. The observant Londoner knows a dozen such. When the sun peeps out, and when London is gay in the height of the season, these mysteries always appear. In the parks they may be seen, in Soho, or the Burlington Arcade, strolling along Piccadilly, tottering up Pall Mall, feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, hovering about the skirts of aristocratic quarters. In Regent Street, about old book-stalls, looking into picture shops, occasionally in Wardour Street, and invariably at Christie's these mysteries are always to be seen. They may be traced into back alums of Soho, into the intricate labyrinths at the back of Regent Street, to the Bloomsbury quarter, and to the streets off Portland Street, but there they are lost. They have histories no doubt quainter than that of the old gentleman who for years and years drove a ramshackle mail-coach from Bolsover Street to Brompton at the same hour and at the same pace, not even forgetting Sundays, an old gentleman

who was accounted to be tremendously rich, and who was very nearly robbed and murdered before he died. They are as peculiar as the strange figure, tall and gaunt, with a long pointed beard and a military cloak, who has never yet been seen to speak to a soul, but marches in stately fashion from Bloomsbury to Piccadilly, taking an hour's constitutional in the Burlington Arcade, and then departing again into the gloom. Speculation is as rife about them as concerning the claimant to the throne of England, he being, it is said, the last Stuart, who in a regal fashion, and with a massive gold chain about his neck, passes among his faithful subjects with a certain air of grave condescension. They are as familiar to us Londoners, these mysteries, as the little mad old lady of the law courts, the grey-haired mad old lady of the Regent Street district, who every morning looks into every shop window muttering appeals of love to some wicked man who deserted her and sent her crazy half a century ago; as the dwarfed accordion player under the National Gallery, or the beggar in kid gloves. These old gentlemen mysteries who have seen better days mostly congregate at Christie's sale room. They have eaten their penny roll and drank their halfpennyworth of milk, they have blacked their worn old boots and brushed their worn old clothes up in some attic heaven knows where. They cannot remain in the attic all day, and they cannot lounge about the streets for ever without attracting the attention of the police, but at Christie's they can get warmth, rest, society, and amusement all free gratis for nothing. They live here as in the old days. They are treated here like gentlemen. They can sit here in chairs of Gobelin work

and rest their poor thin fingers on gold arms. They can make believe that the pictures are theirs, that they are resting in their own galleries as of old; they can pretend that they are looking at their own china, and surveying their own curiosities. They can dream very pleasantly can these broken-down old gentlemen, thanks to the kindness of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co.; or they can take another flight of fancy, and like the Marchioness make believe in an extravagant manner. The fancy of producing lemonade from orange-peel and water is nothing to the fancy of these old gentlemen. They pretend they are millionaires and they actually bid. They run up the prices, for no one can prevent them, and if at any time they are in danger the good auctioneer, who has an eye like a hawk, kindly gets them out of the scrape. It amuses them and it does not hurt anyone else. So they are generously allowed their harmless pleasantries.

Such old gentlemen as these when they get together argue the disputed fact as to whether the sale rooms ever existed or not in Soho, as is reported in Malcolm's London, a work which is so inaccurate on other matters that it can hardly be quoted as establishing an important fact concerning Christie's. The records of the firm, and surely they ought to be trustworthy, declare that the first sale took place on December 5, 1766, at the old Academy Rooms in Pall Mall, which stood on a portion of the site now secured by the present Senior United Service Club, hard by the present French gallery. When the Academy Rooms became extinct the Christie establishment removed to one of the numerous houses which form the War Office, Pall Mall. It was on the west of the block of

War Office buildings, probably next to Harding's shop, which has long ago exchanged linendrapery, silks, and satins for War Office ledgers and military documents. Here the sale rooms continued until the year 1824, when the famous firm was turned out again and migrated to the present spacious rooms in King Street, formerly the European Museum, kept by Mr. Wilson. The founder of this celebrated firm, Mr. James Christie, died in 1803. The second Mr. Christie died in 1832, and the business was continued by his son and Mr. Manson who died in 1852, the firm still remaining Christie and Manson, with the fourth Christie since the establishment of the firm and the brother of the original Mr. Manson. This last named gentleman is still a valuable member of this distinguished firm, and is well known to all art-lovers by his rare taste and knowledge and his invariable courtesy. He has for his partners the fifth Mr. Christie in almost a direct line, and Mr. Woods, who was added to the firm some years ago. These facts are somewhat interesting as illustrating the existence of the old adage: 'Le Roi est mort vive le Roi!' in commercial as well as regal life. A firm like this possesses an historical interest, and if a brief record could be kept of the various works of art passing through the hands of Messrs. Christie and Manson from time to time being bought and sold and re-bought and re-sold, according to the whim

of Fortune, the interest of it would be unparalleled.

At Christie's, the actual business of the sale is remarkable for the complete absence of black-guardism. There is nothing down at heel about the place. Knock-outs are here unknown and combinations unheard of. Hundreds here are as plentiful as shillings elsewhere, and there is a general air of wealth and content in the sale rooms. The auctioneer, though he is selling charming faces of Greuze, dark landscapes by Ruysdael, *genre* pictures by Wilkie, or sea-sketches by Stanfield, never indulges in any vulgar clap-trap. You would think, from appearances, that each sale was a matter of very little importance if you were not informed to the contrary; whereas, each sale at Christie's is a chapter added to the history of English art. There is nothing sensational about Christie's. It is as quiet a place as the banking establishments of Coutts or Drummonds, and quite as old-fashioned. It is a link which binds the past to the present. Conservatism such as that exhibited at Christie's, should be very dear to us, and as a lounge for the summer do-nothing I know of no place which possesses so many charms. But of course the lounge must be a man of taste. That there are lounging men of taste I would fain hope, as if not, my sketches are mere waste paper, and my chat about Christie's a deplorable waste of time.



A REVOLUTION IN GARDENING.

'In a natural wilderness, trees I would have none; but some thickets, made only of sweet-briar and honey-suckle, and some wilde vine amongst, and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses, for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade; and these to be in the heath, here and there, not in any order. I like also heaps in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wilde heaths), to be set some with periwinkle, some with violets, some with strawberries, some with cowslips, some with daisies, some with red roses, some with lillium convallium, some with sweet williams red, some with bearesfoot, and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly.'—BACON, *Silva Silvarum*.

WHAT I have to say about gardens will be mostly a protest against 'bedding out,' and nothing else; and a glorification of those old-fashioned borders, with their mixture of all sorts of plants, which have been so nearly destroyed by the zebra-stripes, and 'masses of colour' and all the other devices of the professed gardener.

That is what you have to expect from me; for, just as the caterpillar's thread depends for colour and substance on the leaf which he last ate; so, in these days of secondary thought, does a man's writing take after the last book that he has been reading; and my last book is Mr. Robinson's 'Wild Garden.'

But, better far, I am sitting in just such a garden as would delight Mr. Robinson—an old-fashioned place where, as in the garden of Alcinous, one thing grows into another, and the struggle for existence has been going on for several years with very little human interference.

One point I have proved, which Mr. Robinson leaves somewhat unsettled, that however 'wild' your garden is to be, you must do some weeding, or else good-bye to everything, except, perhaps, your Lent lilies, which seem strong enough to assert themselves even against docks and nettles. I've just had an hour's very hard war with the long, thick roots of the

butter-bur, one of Mr. Robinson's pets; and really, with its big, comely leaves, and its tuft of richly-scented bloom, coming out amid the snow, a very desirable thing in its place. I want it to grow under my trees, in the bare patches where nothing will grow; it prefers the full light to that *lux maligna* which it gets through the branches; and so it moves forward, and supplants the gladiolus, and drives back the spreading lily of the valley. Just where I am sitting, in front of a low mossy wall, the invader had swarmed down from the rough land above, and, leaving numerous garrisons in the wall-crannies, had 'annexed' nearly half the narrow border below, killing out the little Scotch roses, withering the box-edging, and driving the lilies of the valley, like Alsacians impatient of Prussian rule, to force their way, as best they could, through the gravel of the path. Of course this could not be; so I've been setting human will against Mr. Darwin's law, my problem being how to oust the intruder without, at every stroke, spearing a bulb, or turning up a rose-root.

Now I'm looking at my work. My wall, too, is worth looking at: it is as thoroughly Robinsonian as if the author of the 'Wild Garden' had built it; curved in every one of the three planes—bulging forward, not

enough to give any idea of insecurity; sweeping, in a wave-like curl, round the angle which it masks; and at top rounded into a gracefully irregular hill. I like it much better than the 'little heaps in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wilde heaths)' with which Lord Bacon, proposes to dot over his 'natural wildnesse.' But then Lord Bacon had probably never seen an old granite wall; and those who have not, can form no idea how it makes itself into a picture, if it is but saved from the hand of the professed gardener.

My wall is mossed and lichened, and its irregular blocks leave such welcome chinks for fern and grass-tufts, and campion, and foxglove, and violets, and wild strawberries, and that west-country plant, hereabouts called 'penny-pies' (*cotyledon umbilicus*) of which you Londoners know nothing, though it would be invaluable in the rockeries in which, too often vainly, you try to 'establish' a few wee-begone ferns.

Along its highest arch my wall is crowned with the large St. John's wort, sore beset to hold its own against the butter-bur aforesaid. At its base grows the branksome, bear's breech, or whatever other name you choose to give to the *acanthus*, with its big, fresh, glossy leaves, just the very shape that the old Corinthian artists gave them. Outside this are the lilies of the valley—how tantalizingly long they are in flowering, after the bud, with its shielding leaf, has come well up, and seems to promise a full bloom for the day after to-morrow. In the box-edging are foxgloves, and columbine, and big fern-rhizomes, and—why should I be ashamed of it? did I not say the whole place was a wilderness? and do I not hold, under Mr. Robinson, a brief for

wildernesses?—yes, among the box is one glorious dandelion. Shall I fork it out? See, that bee doesn't despise it; how he lingers about it, not to be called off by the three or four kinds of jonquils, and the auriculas, and wallflowers, all within hail of him, nor by the *ribes* wooing him from all the shrubberies, nor even by the *pyrus japonica*, aglow under the south wall. He likes dandelion; so do I; and I'm glad to find, from Mr. Adams's travels, that the Chinese are much of my mind. I hold that a dandelion is a nobler flower than a marigold; nay, I don't know if it doesn't please me better than that flaunting fellow the double-daffodil, which I never could think takes the winds of March with beauty, though it certainly takes them as though it didn't mind them a bit. Did any one ever try to 'improve' dandelions? Blackberries one hears of as having been cultivated; 'the Lawton blackberry' I never saw; but I can fancy it a great deal better than the woolly apricots and watery peaches, which people, to whom Nature has denied the right soil and aspect, will persist in growing. And so a dandelion might surely be made better than a good many of the things that are valued just because they come from abroad, and are hard to rear.

Well: you see the sort of garden I go in for. 'The reaction is begun,' we are told; let me be one of the reactionists. I don't want to make war on the foreigners; 'live and let live.' Keep borders for geraniums, for petunias, for verbenas—what more lovely than a bed of mauve verbenas? and how the hawk-moths—about which there were such a lot of silly letters in the papers two years ago—love them, and keep darting in and out among them all day, in spite of your often-

paraded butterfly-net. But, while I would have a place in every large garden for 'bedding-out,' I would not do, what many do, sacrifice nearly all their available space to the late autumn blooms, and keep the best part of their ground empty for two-thirds of the year.

I hate, as much as Mr. Robinson does, to see brown earth, though it be so well kept that not a groundsel nor a chickweed dares to raise its head. 'How neat!' says the visitor: yes; where they make a solitude they call it neatness; and rather than see bare ground I'd have it covered with my poor friend the dandelion, if I could get nothing better..

With you Londoners the case is different: when you honour us by running down for your holiday, most of the old English flowers are out of bloom, and so you are best pleased with those which, coming from the other side of the world, have their spring, their blossom-time, in our autumn. That's all very well for my lord, who never sees his 'place,' after Parliament is once begun, till the grouse have been shot. The best way, perhaps, for him is to banish the old hardy and half-hardy flowers to the kitchen-garden, where they are cut and sent up to town when wanted, and to keep the borders for things that will bloom on when his guests have begun to assemble for the winter. But why should Clapham and Hackney persist in imitating my lord? The 'city men,' whose houses are within ten or twelve miles round London, return every night in spring as well as autumn; yet, in spring, their gardens give them little else than a blank surface of black mould, suggestive, no doubt, to a philosopher, but gloomier to ordinary folks than even a lively chaos of kerks and nettles. I've marked

them times without number, from the omnibus-top. You can find them in almost any suburb; mile after mile of garden and shrubbery, pale or walled, faultlessly neat, with such a perfection of gravel-walk that we, who have to put up with granite-sand, cannot help envying it. But then there's nothing in them. Come in spring, they are bare, and neat, and black; come in early summer, they are bare, and neat, and dried up from black to dark brown. You must wait till bedding-out time, if you want to see anything worth looking at; and even then one is as like another as Mrs. A.'s dinner is like Mrs. B.'s in the next row.

What would one not give for a clematis, one of those English 'supplejacks,'—'old man's beards,' as they call the scentless English clematis down in Somerset; or, better still, the richly scented *flammula*, which is, to our native sort as the sweet-violet is to the dog-violet. Why not something to break the monotony of endless privet-hedges and formal evergreens? And it could be done; you might have a succession of flowering creepers,—that yellow jasmine (the *Forsythia*), which blossoms before it is in leaf; the westeria, the honeysuckle,—these, and no end of tropeolums and everlasting peas, and such like; and all at far less cost than that of 'saving' or buying your bedding-out plants. Of course you must not think because a thing has woody fibre, therefore it will grow anywhere and anyhow. I would not recommend you, for instance, to put in a clematis Jackmanni, without digging a big hole and filling in with rich, light soil. 'Very few people,' alily remarks Mr. Robinson, 'know how to set anything but a very strong-bedding-out plant.' And even the hardiest creeper has no

special preference for ground made of broken bricks and lumps of clay and bits of plaster and the other elements of the 'dry rubbish' which makes the basis of most London gardens. But once fairly fed, your shrub will need no more nourishment for years.

I so long, too, to see Mr. Robinson's plan—the plan, as I remarked, of our old-fashioned garden makers—carried out in the bare spaces among the shrubs. Why not have a succession of these too? Christmas rose and winter aconite soon spread like grass; and their leaves are as graceful as their flowers. 'Some of the anemones—notably,' says Mr. Robinson, 'the pale blue *blanda*—are strong enough to grow among bushes. Where they grow they will spread, realizing for us what our delicate cousins, who went abroad for their health, have told us is the chief marvel of spring on the Mediterranean, to wit, not the orange and lemon groves—for those they expected—but the masses of colour from the whole fields of anemones and ranunculus. Then there is the English bluebell, which will grow under trees, and which gives, on many a wood-side, a sheet of blue almost as good as Mr. Ruskin's gentian-clothed Alp. All these, no doubt, require more sun. What people are to do who have a garden ten feet square on the shady side of the way, with heavy iron railings, and a scurf of damp, black moss, I cannot tell, unless they go in for hollyhocks and sunflowers, and other things that will rise above their surroundings. Sunflowers, ugly as they are, are said to be first-rate manufacturers of ozone. What a boon a hedge of them would be to a man who had to live near the manure makers and grease refiners along the river Lea.

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Mr. Robinson, indeed, names several plants which thrive under shade; the *Trientalis*, and the *Linnaea borealis*, for instance, which latter likes the depth of fir-woods, and if grown in the light must be 'started' under a hand-glass half painted over. But of these I know nothing practically. I know that our west-country spurges (and quite as fine in its way is the golden-tipped *amygdaloides*, as any Cape *Euphorbia*), grow well in thick covers; so does the *Epipactis*, both the large white, and the commoner purple; and so does the 'wild asparagus' (*ornithogalum*, Star of Bethlehem), an extremely local plant, abundant on the Bath oolite, and quite worthy of being introduced elsewhere. The herb Paris, too, grows under trees; and so does the musk-scented moschatel, called *Adoxa*, inconspicuous, and placed (I'm sure I don't know why) among the ivy tribe. So, too, does the wood-ruff, which keeps its new-mown hay scent for years; and which they call *Männertreu* in Germany, because (as a lady explained it to me) that virtue is such a rare treat when you do find it. Under trees, too, grows the wild garlic, with its broad leaves, which, while unexpanded, are so like those of the lily of the valley that, on Mr. Wallace's theory, you would say it was mimicking the other. A cruel jest, if it is one; for should you be tempted to pluck the garlic, your hand will hardly lose the scent all day. Round Bath it is a very pest, killing out everything else in the little wooded coombes, and betraying its presence whenever you are to the leeward of it, even at several fields' distance. Primroses, too, will thrive a long way into the shrubbery, though they dearly love the sun. Violets, I never find in the shade of trees; it

sounds poetical to put 'wood-violets' on Piesse and Lubin's labels, but they really like a warm bank, where they may nestle among moss; sweetness and light go together in their case. It is a very hard thing to keep up a good violet bed in a garden; if they 'succeed,' they are apt to run to leaf, and be shy of flowering. I don't believe they are really indigenous. They are not found wild to the west of Tamar, nor (I believe) in Ireland. I think that they, and snowdrops, and lilies of the valley, all 'came in with the monks;' some Italians bringing them as a reminder of home, just as our Cornish miners take out furze seed to Australia, because they feel such a longing for the yellow flower which cheers their dreary moors, blossoming so unfailingly as to have prompted the well-known proverb that, 'when the gorse is out of bloom kissing's out of fashion.'

Cyclamens, Mr. Robinson says, will soon cover all the mossy places under trees; but cyclamens are dear; and I almost think a Middlesex winter would be too much for them. Crown imperials I have in my shadiest places—they are the only bulbs that seem to do as well there as in the open. Where nothing else will grow you may be able to cover the ground with ivy—the real English small-leaved ivy if you can get it; but even that coarse stuff which grows so well on the little back garden walls about London, and which I think they call Irish ivy, is better than nothing. We don't prize ivy half enough. I remember a lady from Dantzic who, admiring many things about Bath, admired most of all the ivy that thereabouts festoons the trees, tapestries the walls (not covering them with a coarse blanket, but with delicate lace-work), and creeps over all

bare places. 'At home they grow it in a pot,' she would say; and she was never tired of pointing out the many shapes of the leaves, distinct as if they belonged to different varieties, from the plain halbert-shape to that with eight or nine spreading fingers. Ferns, too, thrive so well amid ivy; it gives the rhizomes the protection they are so fond of, and of which the gardener who, with the best intentions, makes war on everything's roots, is too apt to stint them. Go to Weston-super-Mare in early spring, and see what a charm the ivy gives to very common-place hill-sides, and you'll wonder more use is not made of it to cover bare patches in London gardens. No wonder, however; for our gardeners have only just found out, what the Parisians have been teaching us for years, how admirable an edging it makes if it is kept neatly cut, and well washed from dust.

'Never show the naked earth,' is Mr. Robinson's maxim; plan your garden well at first; graduate your plants; the tall ones behind, rising in their own wild way through the grass, or amid the branches of the outer shrubs; the little *Daphne Cneorum*, dwarf savins and cotoneasters, and roses pegged down, forming a cushion in the front. Steal in lilies among the spreading shrubs. Cut off the formal line between border and margin. You'll have to give a little more time, and a great deal more taste, at first; but once done the work will stand for ever. The lawn, too, should be full of flowering things: squills, and crocuses, and snowdrops don't interfere a bit with such mowing as is sufficient, at any rate for the grass between the flower-beds. Here is a question of taste; do you like an emerald sward, close-shaven, without a spot of white or yellow? or

will you allow your lawn to be sprinkled in spring with 'that constellated flower that never sets?' Whichever you do, don't be tyrannized over by gardeners; they are great foes to anything like individuality in gardening. Scotchmen, most of them, they don't understand it any more than they do a joke. Read Mr. Robinson's account of Kensington Gardens just after they have been 'done up': 'the whole has a spare depopulated aspect, gloomy because of the dark look of the upturned earth. And an army of rough pruners preceding the diggers, had trimmed the shrubs right cruelly. The first shower after such a digging, exposes a network of upturn roots.' But, if you must not fork out the weed and cannot afford to have it hand-picked, what are you to do? This is my difficulty: I could throw in guano or superphosphate, either of which will often bring up plants long dormant below. I know a case in which a top-dressing brought up scores of the sweet little *Neottia spiralis*, where none ever remembered to have seen a plant of it growing. But guano is dear; and, if I don't make a partial clearance I shall find that *lappaque tribulique* and all Virgil's other plagues will get the upper hand. Nettles spread fast (what long tough roots they have); and Wordsworth's little celandine, harmless as it looks, would (if not checked) soon kill out everything else, and form a compact undergrowth through all my shrubberies. Of course it shows wonderfully well with its glossy leaves, which have a tendency to variegation, looking sometimes almost as beautiful as cyclamen leaves; but I don't like it everywhere. But you'll say that this variety, which is of the essence of the 'wild garden,' requires space. No,

says Mr. Robinson, the thing may be done in the patch of ground belonging to a semi-detached villa, with a shrubbery about as big as its dining-room. There you may have, nicely sheltered in front of the high row of shrubs, the handsome Solomon's seal, arching out from behind the narcissus, you may have white 'Mary lilies' for summer, and blue amaryllis to flower when they are over. Then, too, you may have any amount of variety in the banks, which should always take the place of dead walls wherever any windows open out on them. Why should you have from your study no better prospect than monotonous rows of bricks crowned with a wire fence? The sight is so wearying that, lest you might be tempted to count the said bricks and classify them according to their different degrees of smokiness, you have had your windows filled with ground glass. A few loads of earth, heaped up against the said wall, and planted with 'anything green,' would be a wonderful refresher to the eyes. Don't despair because it's a bad aspect, and 'shut in too much;' something can be found to grow anywhere; think (if you are a Latinist) of Virgil's old Corycian who got all the early flowers, and vegetables too, out of a patch of waste, because he loved his plants and tended them accordingly. Even brick walls can be covered: at Lucan, in Ireland, where flowers are usually so little cared for, Mr. Robinson saw the *Erinus Alpinus*, 'established' by seed, growing so freely as to leave no wall visible; and in the old walls about Esher and Hampton Court you may see the ivy-leaved toad-flax thriving so well, as to prove that there is no peculiar plant-growing virtue in stone. If you have no room for a bank, Mr. Robinson in his 'Alpine Flowers' will teach

you how to cover even your back-yard walls with small ferns and al-pines. Even such an unpromising field as 'a common ditch shaded with trees,' you may do wonders with, if only you will take the pains. Go to Merrion, near Dublin, and Dr. Hudson will show you such a ditch transformed, the middle filled in with rubbish and coal ash, forms a walk a foot wide, and on each side are 'mixed borders, no two patches showing the same vegetation,' and all this where to start with was nothing but nettles, and dock, and ground ivy, and here and there an ugly blackish crust of lichen. If people would make up their minds to use up their waste bits of ground, gardening would at once rank among the fine arts, instead of being, as it is, one of the most mechanical of employments.

But, unless you really care for the thing, all the preaching in the world won't make you practise it. The young bride, set down in a suburban villa, goes in very strongly for gardening for a few months. Queer work she makes of it: for we believe there is not a lady's school in the kingdom where the girls have gardens. And so she exterminates the springing *Escholsia*, thinking it a kind of groundsel, and leaves the young chickweed, fancying it to be mignonette. However, she keeps at it like a heroine, rejoicing especially in the patches of bare earth which are Mr. Robinson's aversion, and challenging 'dear Frederick' to see if he can find a weed even when he puts up his eye-glass. I think it is since the women had more to do with these things that the said 'bare patches' have come into fashion. Men (except Scotchmen) are very patient of weeds, provided the weeds don't interfere with their comfort; women must always be putting things tidy. We

are always told they are conservatives; not at all, they are imperialists, that is, they like finery and state, but they like a good deal of radicalism mixed with it. Women in gardens are sad reformers; your delicate Nepaul pæony, that has hardly recovered from its journey of two hundred miles last autumn, must come out of the sheltered nook in which you placed it as a convalescent, and show itself in the most exposed corner of the garden; that fringe of oxalis of which you were so proud, all went one fatal day when the bed where it grew was handed over for weeding to an ignorant garden woman. Did you ever have your library set to rights? If so, you know what woman's zeal will do in this way. The bare patches are woman's work—and Scotchmen's; and it is because women have less invention than men, and Scotchmen less than either, that the patches, when stripped of their old furniture, 'because, dear, the things did look so weedy and ragged,' are left empty till 'bedding out time' comes. Women, too, are worse than men in their sheep-like propensity to follow a leader, and in their determination not to be behind the fashion. Paxton and his school made bedding out what it is, and straightway every one must do the same, and so the comfort and general use of a garden were sacrificed for the sake of a little autumn show. Perhaps if a few great folks take up Mr. Robinson's notion, the tide may set the other way as rapidly as when costumes replaced crinolines; and then our gardens, small as well as great, will come to be more like that of the lady Corisande of which Mr. Disraeli speaks so enthusiastically in *Lothair*. 'Give me' (says he) 'cabbage roses, sweet peas and wallflowers, that is my idea of a

garden. Corisande's garden is the only sensible thing of the sort. Here in their season flourished all those productions of Nature which are now banished from our neglected senses; huge bushes of honeysuckle, and bowers of sweet pea and sweet briar, and jessamine clustering over the walls, and gillyflowers scenting with their sweet breath the bricks from which they seem to spring. There were banks of violets, which the southern breeze always stirred, and mignonette filled every vacant nook. It seemed a blaze of roses and carnations, though one recognized in a moment the presence of the lily and the stock.

The ex-premier has indeed a hereditary right to love something very different in the way of gardens from the quaint formal thing which the later middle ages developed out of Pliny's *xystus*. The East certainly beat the West in this matter. The Greeks, whose gardening was strictly subordinate to their architecture (except when it was of the 'market' kind, and busied itself with growing things for garlands), could not help admiring the Persian wildernesses; the name paradise shows by its later application what they felt about those glorious gardens, parks, menageries, all in one of which Greece was far too small a country to hold a proper sample, and of which Coleridge saw a very good one when he had that vision of Kublai Khan—

'There were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And there were forests, ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.'

Virgil, who emancipates himself now and then from the fetters of formality, dearly loved a 'wilderness:' how he cries out

for a run in Thrace, the Switzerland of the Roman Alpine club-bists; Tibur and his Sabine farm would do for the man-about-townish Horace; but Virgil wanted something wilder, some place where man had never perched a temple on a rock nor stuck a statue beside a tree-crowned fountain. Hear him, when he despairs of having genius enough to be a physical philosopher, crying out,

'Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes.

Flumina amem silvas que inglorius . . .
O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hemi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat
umbra!'

That is not at all the style of a man who thought the *topiary* art the perfection of gardening, and twisted cut and tied his trees into all sorts of shapes, and delighted in formal alleys and in flowerbeds of intricate geometrical patterns. Of a garden of this kind the best instance I remember is at Elvaston, Lord Harington's place in South Derbyshire. There you see what perverted ingenuity can do with yew hedges. Versailles, of course, has good bits of topiary work; and it has the statues and fountains to boot which are wanting in Elvaston: but in quaintly-cut trees Elvaston is unsurpassable.

How this Roman idea of law and order comes out in Roman gardening. The Greeks, with all their art-culture, were higgledy-piggledy—growing leeks and onions among their roses and parsley with their violets. This Roman idea, too, like all Rome's other ideas, impressed itself on the mind of Europe. It lasted on in Italy, it travelled thence to Spain and Flanders; and it came to us twice over, once in the Elizabethan age of Italian influence, and afterwards as 'the Dutch style,' with Orange William.

Our 'English gardens,' the bits of nature which, when we come upon them in a place like the Boboli gardens at Florence, make us think of home, we owe (the French tell us) to the Chinese: everything comes from China; fancy Capability Brown having been anticipated by some fellow with almond eyes and a pigtail. One thing those Romans did which I wonder no ingenious tenants of the little twenty feet by twelve gardens in 'new neighbourhoods' have imitated; they made believe, by painting the walls to look like a real garden, and so kept what little space they had for choice flowers in vases. I saw something of the kind when, as a very little boy, I went to Vesuvius at the old Surrey Gardens. The effect there was very satisfactory—to little boys; anyhow the modification of it which the French adopt in their wall-papers deserves all commendation; how many a dingy inn-parlour would be brightened up if it had on its walls a view on the Rhine, or even a foxhunt, instead of some frightful geometrical pattern.

Among the Romans all gardening was formal; the Greeks had wild gardens on a small scale round their temples—almost the only spots where trees could grow without being cut down in their constant wars. When blind Ædipus is come to Colonnos, his daughter knows they are on sacred ground because the place

'Teemeth with bay and olive, and within
Unnumbered nightingales make dainty
music,
Hid in the coverts.'

Thrace, however, was the land of wild gardens. What a place that temple-grove must have been whither poor young Agesipolis, the Spartan king, dying at Olynthus of marsh fever, longed to be carried! He just lived to lay

his head on its cool mossy banks under trees where (as in that dear old aquatint 'The Paphian bower')

'Tis night at noon of day.'

But I must not become historical; if you want to know why the author of 'Lothair' loves a good old-fashioned garden, read what is said about gardens in the Song of Songs which is Solomon's. Mr. Robinson must have been reading it when he talks of 'stealing in lilies among the rhododendrons, where their decay will not be noticed,' and when he describes 'a lawn-patch, with snowdrops and violets and anemones among the turf—what a bit for a poet, more than ever gardener has yet given him, with glimpses of all kinds of blades and leaves and hues, quite devoid of man's muddling in the earth, and his exceeding weakness for tracing wall-paper patterns.' He is quite right; everything in a garden should be varied, indefinite, and changeful as the flowers themselves; at least there should be some part where nature is not sacrificed to formality and masses of colour. Of course the difficulty is to combine this sort of thing with neatness sufficient for our modern requirements: we are not all of us like Dr. Hooker, who did not a bit mind the decayed leaves. A garden, like that wood in Keats's Hyperion, 'where the dead leaf fell there did it lie,' would not at all do to show one's friends round—which of course is the final cause of gardens. A little place must be kept neat; and this is to my mind the great suburban difficulty: what is a man to do when, if he lets his weeds grow, his 'half-detached' neighbour may have him up for spreading a nuisance?

So our revolution, like other

revolutions, must be kept within bounds; but it was necessary. The gardener has become so irresponsible that he must be dethroned. His personal government has left us so imbecile that Mr. Robinson comes in the nick of time to tell us how our grandfathers managed things. Like other reformers he exaggerates: it can hardly be that 'often in the largest garden there is not a hardy flower.' But it is certain that, since Paris took to spending such vast sums in 'bedding out' geraniums and so on by the ten thousand, England has followed suit, and the great men's gardeners, like the tailless fox in the fable, have been busy converting the small men's gardeners, and they have converted the men who are their own gardeners, till there has been far too wholesale a destruction of the old cottage and small manor garden—'umbrageous man's nest' Carlyle calls it, and a general substitution of 'bands of colour' such as you see at Kew, and 'raised pies' planted with all sorts of strangely-tinted leaves, like those wonderful and awful samples of horticultural confectionary to be found in autumn at Battersea. I don't dislike colour if it is well managed: I think Mr. Robinson is inconsistent; he says we have never yet done anything to equal a field of buttercups; and yet he complains of bedding out masses of colour as 'the best possible appliance for stealing from nature every grace of form, beauty, colour, and vital interest.' I think we are right in this climate in going in for colour; I wish we did it more in dress; I regret the days of peach-blossomed and cinnamon-coloured coats, and certainly would not have our gardens as quaker-like as our men's dress. Our mistake is, not in having patches of geraniums and calceolarias, but

first in sacrificing almost everything to them, and next in leaving so much ground—all that which is under trees or along the edges of shrubberies, with not an effort to relieve its black sameness. These are the principles of the floral revolution: don't be content to leave your ground empty till the geraniums will bear to be put in; have other borders differently managed, where tall things shall grow, not tied to sticks, or else trailing hopelessly out over the path, as they used to be in the old flower borders, but kept back among the shrubs, and their place taken by a multitude of hardy dwarfs, 'leading up' to the giants behind; and, have a righteous horror of bare ground, and muster patience to coax something to grow even in the most unpromisingly gloomy corners of your shrubbery.

Now this is a sort of gardening which can only be done by one who loves it: weeding with him becomes a science; you need all your wit to determine how much may be pulled up without fear of displacing flower-roots. As for pruning, it must be done as if there was a complete *rapprochement* between you and your plant, so that you should argue with it and point out how it is for its good that such a branch should be cut off. Londoners can't do this, and their wives won't; the Englishman gets it all done for him just as the Romans used to, the only difference being that, whereas the *topiarius* was a slave, the gardener nowadays is the most imperious of masters.

What a good many of us have to unlearn is the idea that because we have a quarter of an acre of ground and a groom who knows something of gardening, therefore we can garden in the grand style. Chatsworth will hold a score of 'gardens' without touching the

general effect of the grounds. Does anyone, by the way, remember there the quaint place where are the surprise-fountains that sprinkle you as you pass, and the copper tree-fountain which pours a stream from every joint and branch? I never saw the like except at Heilbrunn, near Salzburg, in an old-world pleasure-land that used to be the prince-bishop's. The perfection of a 'place' I take to be Lord Stamford and Warrington's, Bradgate Park. You have everything there: a moated house at Groby (Lord Grey of that ilk was the first husband of Elizabeth Woodville); another house inside the park, where Lady Jane Grey lived and studied, and where her naughty sister-in-law was so unwilling to live away from town and her husband that she set it on fire, so as to have no country house to be sent down to. Then there's a hill with the shell of one of King John's castles, and there are oaks—dear stumpy broad fellows just like that which you see in the cut fern root; and there, too, while the Leicester folks are keeping St. Monday, and shouting, and swinging, and making tea in one part, you can walk away into sylvan solitudes where real red deer hide in fern that rises to your shoulders. It's my ideal of a place; and I honour the owner for making it free once a week to all the world; but its gardens are lost in the beauty of the park. Alton Towers is perhaps the most successful garden-place among Midland show-houses. 'He made the desert smile' indeed, if that gorge of the Churnet valley was ever like some of the ground near it, a mere wilderness of nettles and wild raspberry. And though it smiles, and very sweetly, the smile is not a formal one: Mr. Robinson himself would not complain of the effects which, acci-

dents of hill and dale happily assisting, Lord Shrewsbury was able to bring about at Alton.

But, as I said, the little places are spoiled through copying the big ones; and places about London are the most spoiled of all. In the country, a shrubbery or a copse (except where the trees are planted very thickly to keep off sea winds) will generally take care of its own undergrowth. Creeping ivy, large cow-parsnip, wild geranium, wood anemone, champions of half-a-dozen kinds, arum, goose-grass—all these I can get in a square foot of woodland. I am 'establishing' them in my own place, whence probably the misdirected zeal of the gardener exterminated them. But it is about London that they need more teaching than we country folks do. Correct that morbid dislike of weeds and love of 'apple-pie order' which beset the Londoner, and then we may hope that his 'wild places'—for there are wild places in Mr. Robinson's sense in almost every garden—will be made as ornamental as, and more interesting than, his beds of florist's flowers. Then the old 'posy gardens' will again come into vogue, with their moss-roses and clove carnations, and lad's love and lemon thyme—old favourites now replaced (as Mr. Robinson indignantly says) 'by Tom Thumb geraniums and verbenas at sixpence a-piece.' But we must have our geraniums and verbenas too. Since bouquets have become so universal these light dry-stalked blooms are more than ever indispensable—fancy taking in to dinner, or carrying about in a ball-room, a 'nosegay' of cabbage roses and stocks and Mary lilies.

Read Mr. Robinson, then, but in reading him be eclectic; don't rush madly along the line he indicates and turn all your glasses into melon frames, and let next

winter's frost kill all your hot-house plants. Keep your plants and introduce his too. You can't have too many. Most gardens would hold five times as much as they have in them were they but treated half as considerably as we treat a potato field. As it is, the flowers are very often starved; just as the children of so many highly respectable families don't really get enough to eat. Mr. Robinson pooh-poohs plants from the Antipodes, and recommends European kinds instead. 'What does a New Holland plant say to us in comparison with one from Parnassus or the Coliseum?' Well; to me it says a great deal; it reminds me of Botany Bay and all that sad time, and of the 'Greater Britain' that has since grown up there, and the plucky city that lately put itself in a thorough state of defence in so short a time and at so marvellously small a cost. I like to see the two side by side; and then I compare, and ask how it is that where man has risen to his highest development nature is sober or at any rate less brilliant than 'where wild in woods the very ignoble savage runs.'

Multiply species in your garden; that way you'll become a botanist in spite of yourself. Put in Mr. Robinson's winter pets, his late autumn pets, his water pets if you have any water—his flowering rush, arrowhead, purple loose strife marsh-marigold; all these you can get in the Thames without going higher up than Kew. Try, too, his great woolly thistle, the real *onopordum*: it is far handsomer both in leaf and flower than scores of costly favourites; and as for heaths, why go abroad? Did you ever see the heath peculiar to the Lizard country, and St. Daboe's, *alias* the Connemara heath, and the Mackayana and the other rare Irish kinds? Why by selecting

properly you can make nearly as good a show with heaths in the open air as your rich neighbour does under his glass.

Some people think that heaths and ferns will only grow in what they call a rockery. These I refer to Mr. Robinson's alpine book. His scorn of suburban rockwork is almost too scathing; look at his little vignettes of 'the natural' and 'the unnatural'—the latter with its chinks all the wrong way, as if we were field-mice wishing to keep the roots we have put in nice and dry, instead of gardeners anxious to get a good strong growth. How rock-plants really do grow we may gather from his instance of that alpine which with a stalk an inch high had more than a yard of root—he chiselled it out of the slate rock. Don't talk of ash-trees, after that. His recipe (found successful in North London) is to dig out at least two feet of the clay soil, drain, fill in with peat and leaf mould, raising it an average foot above the garden surface; edge it with well-worn stones and towards the centre throw more earth and let a few slabs 'crop out.' On that you may grow saxifrages, sedums (the great Pyrenean sedum is worth knowing), alpine pinks, gentians, Carpathian campanulas, as well as ferns and heaths. In fact you may have a succession of blooms (is not one gentian worth all the trouble? there's nothing like it, except the Bay of Genoa), and also the cool refreshing succulent green peculiar to alpine. You may put in the British alpine as well: there are some still, and they will grow in the lowlands, although, when the Queen picked a highland plant in that little spot where those relics of the glacial period still thrive, the Duke of Argyle told her that it even passed her power to rear it away from its home. Strange,

that even smoky London suits them perfectly—that London where it is so much easier to imitate even the damp-heat of Borneo than their own mountain air. Only feed them, water and protect during east winds, weed often—always with hand only; if you have a shrubbery, build a concrete barrier to stop its roots from creeping in and starving your pets; and above all keep toads, and make a winding canal (you can easily manage so that it shall be no eyesore) to baffle the slugs. If you don't do this whole races will disappear in a night, for some of the choicest alpine are so small that a single slug would eat several of them at a meal.

There: for more about alpine you must go to Mr. Robinson. I don't care much for them; at least for those that you may pass by if you don't keep using a microscope. However, I go heartily along with our friend in his reprobation of bricklayers' rockeries, and of the pretentious folks who set up *infandos scapulos*, and make rockwork arches, like bits out of Poussin's landscapes; and are not satisfied unless they can see 'all the Alps from their hall-door.' Instead of doing much with alpine, I say try a rockery about your garden-spring, if you are happy enough to have one. I know one (in a parson's garden), which was, in its way, as good as the fount of Bandusia—no profane digger ever forked round that; but Scotch roses and tansy, and the large willow-herb, and the wild white convolvulus, and tall toad-flax, and the beautiful Somerset vetch, strove pleasantly for mastery, or rather seemed to live on good terms among themselves, and with the variegated periwinkle, and white alyssum, Nepaul geranium, and sedums and ferns, that disfigured the ground with them. They were well ma-

nured, and now and then thinned out—that was all; and the occupation was so complete that not a weed could find lodgment.

I am so grateful to Mr. Robinson for saying a word for our own wild-flowers. Few of us know how handsome some of them are. He has done a good work, too, in showing us how the epithet 'trim' has been abused, till we have nothing left in many places but the neatness of desolation. I like his protest against formal rows or patches of crocuses, which never look so well as when they stud a grass field. Look at the autumn fields on the oolite, purple with the colchicum, and you'll be digging holes in your lawn, and dibbling in bulbs as soon as you get home. I am glad that things have taken a turn. There should be something for the mind in a garden, as well as for the eye. A wild flower, growing wild, has an additional claim on us, because it has won a victory for itself; but the same flower may be so managed in a 'wild garden,' as not to seem out of place. Even Paxton, the prophet of bedding-out, kept a little bit in the shrubbery of his private garden at Chatsworth, and there out of public view, he grew 'weeds.'

But, after all, this 'bedding-out' has made Mr. Robinson needlessly desponding: he laments that the last glimpses of beautiful old English gardening are only to be seen round little cottages, especially in Kent and Sussex, 'embowered in fruit trees, and evergreens, and honey-suckles, rising many-coloured from amid shaven grass-plots, flowers straggling in through the very windows . . . places where a king might wish to sit and smoke, and call them his.'

Now I can show him the old style in a good many bigger

gardens in this West Wales. Our cottagers are not fond of flowers. Race tells in this as in other things. All through South Wales you won't find a score of cottage-gardens, except where some *force majeure* has called them into existence. The same in many parts of Ireland—though Ireland has 'races' enough in it—'Palatines' in the south-west, Edict of Nantes French in Dublin, Wessex men in Wexford—enough to account for any variety of tastes. But if our cottage-gardens are fewer than those of Kent, 'the invader' has brought his taste for gardening with him; and that peaceful invader, the parson, who has done so much in a quiet way to diffuse ideas, and keep the ends of England together, has worked manfully hereabouts in the interests of horticulture. I don't know what will happen if they disestablish him, as they talk of doing. A man who remembers the Oxford gardens—New College, for instance, with that gloriously tapestried bit of the old city-wall; or those of Cambridge, freshened by the silver Cam—will be poorly replaced, as far as trees and flowers

are concerned, by the most eloquent alumnus of Disbury or Cheshunt.

Since I wrote this I have seen, at Tours, that grand specimen of Mame's typography, 'Les Jardins,' by Maugin. How the Frenchman goes at his subject, drawing and discussing all the gardens it ever came into man's head to dream of—pre-Adamite; Adamite, with Eve of course in the foreground; Mexican; Egyptian; down to the strange mediæval pleasaunce of the dukes of Burgundy at Hesdin, and the improvements connected with the name of Olivier de Serres. The finest French gardens, not in the hands of some of the Bonapartes, seem, in 1867, to have been the Rothschild's place at Armainvilliers, and Furtado's at Roquencourt. And perhaps the severest satire on revolutions is that the chief result of '93 has been to replace 'the old stock' by a set of Jew bankers and Corsican stock-jobbers. At any rate, our revolutions in gardening are not so costly as that magnificent failure.



ON THE SANDS.

WE sat together, my love and I,
 Where wave upon wave came rolling over
 On sands of gold, and beneath a sky
 All blue from Calais to breezy Dover.
 No sand could match with her yellow hair,
 The sky looked gray by her glances portal,
 And I sighed, 'My love you are wholly fair,
 And here at your feet is the weakest mortal.'

Then she: 'In the way of the world I'm old;
 Too deep I've drunk of the cup that's bitter
 To listen to dreams about blue and gold,
 Or voices soft as a mournful zitter.
 The grapes so sweet to the look were gall;
 The rose and the rue are not made to mingle;
 I hate blue sky, and I hate the fall
 Of the ceaseless wave on the endless shingle.'

Then I: 'What is it the charm, the spell
 Of pale worn face, and a voice so broken?
 We are drawn together. I cannot tell
 If sun is of pleasure or pain the token.
 I only know that the smile I get
 When the passion's spent, and the storm is over
 Is sweet as scent when the fields are wet
 With kiss of rain on a breast of clover.'

The sun is drawn to the rose's heart;
 The sky and sea are locked together;
 The wind and leaves are never apart;
 The gull elopes with the stormy weather.
 The butterfly toys with the painted stock;
 The bee by dozens of loves is laden;
 The sea encircles the weeded rock,
 But we are alone—a man and maiden.'

We sat together, my love and I,
 Where wave upon wave came rolling over;
 When the sun had tired of the faithless sky,
 And the drowsy bees of the scented clover.
 So then, when the whole of the world was still,
 The flowers asleep, and the moon in glory,
 A change came over the maiden's will,
 And this is an end of my seaside story.

C. W. S.



ON THE SANDS

WE sat together, my love and I,
Where water upon waves came rolling over
On sands of gold, and beneath a sky
All blue from clouds so far away;
No sand could stir with me, no wave
The sky looked down on me, and I was mortal,
And I sighed, "My love, you are so beautiful,
You seem so young, and so so clean and mortal."

When the storm is gone and the storm is over
 is sweet as acid when the bees are wet.
 With kiss of rain on a breast of clover.

The sun is drawn to the rose's heart;
The sky and earth are locked together;
The sea and the land are never apart.



[See Page 6a]

ON THE SANDS

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RECOLLECTIONS BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE of the results of my acquaintance with Laporte was my introduction to the Haymarket Theatre, then under the sole direction of its proprietor, Mr. David Morris, who had engaged that pleasant French comedian to perform in English, which he spoke fluently and with very little accent. He had already made his *début* on our national stage at Drury Lane, in Dryden's comedy 'The Two Amphitryons,' and had been most favourably received, a slight resemblance to Harley, who played the other Socia, contributing to the effect of the personation.

He made his bow to the Haymarket audience in a one-act farce I adapted for him, from a French vaudeville he selected for the purpose, on the 15th of June, 1827, and I then wrote the operative comedy called 'The Rencontre; or, Love will Find Out the Way,' for which my old *collaborateur*, Bishop, composed some exceedingly pretty music, in the execution whereof I had the great advantage of the assistance, for the second time, of a lady to whose almost unparalleled popularity I was subsequently indebted for many of the most gratifying of my successes. I mean of course Madame Vestris, who had previously been of such essential service to me in 'Oberon.' Upon this occasion also another lady, destined to become a great public favourite, Mrs. Charles Kean (then Miss Ellen Tree), was included in the cast, which comprised Farren, Cooper, Alexander Lee—a clever composer and an agreeable tenor—and Laporte. Thus supported, it would have been hard to fail. The reception

of 'The Rencontre' was brilliant, and its run, for those days, extraordinary—terminating only with the season.

Mr. David Morris was a great character. A thoroughly honourable gentleman and a shrewd man of business, by no means illiberal in his dealings with authors and actors, and scrupulously punctual in his payments; had Providence added to these very valuable qualifications for a theatrical manager, the talent of theatrical management, he would have been the most perfect specimen of his class in England: but, unhappily, he was lamentably deficient in that one rather important article, and, what was more unfortunate, he was not in the least aware of the deficiency. On the contrary, he prided himself particularly on his managerial abilities, and was extremely surprised at the expression of any doubts, however delicately hinted, of the soundness of his judgment or the accuracy of his taste. Such a delusion is by no means uncommon. An anecdote or two will enable the reader to form a tolerably fair estimate of his capacity for the position which had been previously held by Macklin, Samuel Foote, and the two Colmans. Fulfilling faithfully all his own obligations, he expected, justly enough, equal rectitude on the part of others. Observing, one morning at the rehearsal of some music, that one of the band was quiescent, he leant over from the pit in which he was standing and touched him on the shoulder—'Why are you not playing, sir?'—'I have twelve bars rest, sir,' answered the mu-

sician. 'Rest? Don't talk to me about rest, sir! Don't you get your salary, sir? I pay you to play and not to rest, sir! Rest when you've done your work, and not in the middle of it!' Alexander Lee, who had the musical direction of the Haymarket the following season — when my 'Green-Eyed Monster' was produced, complained to him of the unsatisfactory state of the orchestra. 'Unsatisfactory! Pray what fault have you to find with my orchestra?' Every man having been engaged by himself he considered the attack personal. 'Some of the principal members are extremely inefficient.' 'Name one, sir!'—'Well, there is Mr. — the first clarionet—really of no use at all.' 'Mr. —! Do you know who he is, sir? Are you aware that he was for more than twenty years first clarionet at His Majesty's Theatre?' It was quite true, and naturally the poor old gentleman had scarcely any breath left in his body.

It was one of the absurd ideas of managers in general at that period that the stage should never be unoccupied; and Mr. Morris was especially a martinet in this matter. If he found no one upon it after the clock had struck eleven at the latest, he would immediately cause a rehearsal to be called of something, no matter what. He paid his people and he was determined they should earn their money. So the poor stage-manager had a pleasant time of it. Tom Dibdin, one of the sons of the celebrated nautical poet, and himself the author of many popular dramatic pieces, held that responsible position at the Haymarket in 1823, and had engaged to write a comedy for that theatre. Some weeks having elapsed, and no portion of it being forthcoming, Morris attacked him one day as he

was coming through the box-office. 'Mr. Dibdin! Where is the comedy you promised me?'—'My dear sir, what opportunity have I for writing? I am on the stage all day from ten or eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon. Run home to my dinner, and back again to see the curtain up, and remain till it finally falls, long after midnight. I never have any time for composition.' 'No time! What do you do on Sundays?'

There had been several changes of consequence in the theatrical world during the past twelve-months. Elliston had been ruined at Drury Lane, and had retreated '*pour mieux sauter*,' as he trusted, to the Royal Circus, re-christened the Surrey Theatre, Mr. Stephen Price (an American manager) becoming the lessee of old Drury at a rental of equal magnitude. I told George Robins, the well-known auctioneer and the Magnus Apollo of Drury Lane at that period, that the enormous rent (10,200*l.* per annum) the committee was screwing out of their lessees rendered any chance of enduring success hopeless, and that in a few years I should see the theatre to let without a bidder for it. He laughed me to scorn: but I was too true a prophet; I did see it.

Glossop had been ruined at the Coburg, and the theatre had passed into the hands of a Mr. Osbaldeston. Previous to the change, however, I heard two criticisms from the gallery there, from which a tolerably accurate idea of the causes of failure in this case may I think fairly be drawn. The first was the rebuke of an indignant deity, who, during the performance of a wretchedly-written melodrama, and as carelessly represented, exclaimed 'We don't expect no grammar, but you might let the scenes meet!' The other was on the occasion of the first exhibition of an

enormous looking-glass curtain or act-drop, the advent of which had been announced in the largest type for many weeks, and had been confidently counted upon as an immense attraction. The house was certainly crowded the first night, and I was amongst the number of the curious, if not of the sanguine spectators. After an overture, to which no attention of course was paid by the excited and impatient audience, the promised novelty was duly displayed. Not one entire plate of glass—that could not have been expected—but composed of a considerable number of moderately-sized plates—I have seen larger in some shop-windows—within an elaborately gilt frame. The effect was anything but agreeable. The glass was all over finger or other marks, and dimly reflected the two tiers of boxes and their occupants. It was no imposition, however, it was a large mass of plate-glass, and in those days must have cost a great deal of money. There was consequently considerable applause at its appearance. The moment it ceased, some one in the gallery, possessing a stentorian voice, called out 'That's all werry well! Now show us summut else!' What more cutting commentary could the keenest wit have made upon this costly folly? Did the manager who was guilty of it deserve to succeed?

I retain one recollection of this theatre which is really interesting. I was much struck one evening by the admirable painting of the interior of a Swiss cottage with a wooden gallery and staircase, and meeting *Glossop* in the lobby between the acts of the piece—the title of which has escaped me—I complimented him on the possession of so good an artist, and inquired his name. 'That scene,' he replied, 'was painted by two

boys. Come behind with me, and you shall see them: they will be pleased with your praise.' I followed him, and on the stage saw two young lads playing at leap frog. Those were the painters. I was introduced to them. The name of one was *Charles Tomkins*; the other's name was *Clarkson Stanfield*.

Tomkins migrated to the *Adelphi*, where he attained considerable reputation, but was unfortunately compelled to relinquish his profession, in 1838, from the effects of a sunstroke, and died shortly afterwards in the prime of life. Of my old friend *Stanfield's* career it is unnecessary for me to speak. His greatest works in oil are happily preserved to us; but it is painful to think how many of his exquisite pictures have necessarily gone the way of all stage-scenery—what moonlit lakes and sunny seas have been 'painted out; what 'cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces,' used up and left, 'not a wreck behind!' The name of *Stanfield* naturally recalls that of another great scenic artist, his gifted contemporary and fellow Royal Academician, *David Roberts*, who also in the painting-room of *Drury Lane* first developed that genius, which speedily obtained for him the highest honours in his profession.

My acquaintance, by this time, had vastly increased in various circles of society. My intimacy with the *Kembles* had naturally led to a knowledge of their relatives and visitors: *Mr. Horace Twiss*, *Mrs. Arkwright*, whose musical recitation—for it could not strictly be called singing—was marvellous for its expression; *Mr. Proctor*, the poet (better known as *Barry Cornwall*), and his wife, both of whom I am happy to number amongst my surviving friends; and the late *Rev. William Harness* (the school-

fellow for whom Byron fought at Harrow), one of the best and kindest of men, but recently, by a sad accident, taken from us.

My general literary and antiquarian pursuits brought me into communion with some of the most eminent authors and archaeologists of the day; and at the *conversations* of Mr. Pettigrew, the Egyptian antiquary, in Saville Row, the breakfasts of John Britton, the architect, who had always an encouraging word and a helping hand for rising youth or struggling age, the *soirées* at Sir Charles and Lady Morgan's, and the receptions of other private friends, I met, and was introduced to most of the notabilities then living in London. Amongst the most interesting were the two great orientalisists, Sir Gore Ouseley and Sir Robert Kerr Porter, Sir Robert's accomplished sister, Miss Jane Porter, author of those popular novels 'The Scottish Chiefs' and 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' Thomas Campbell the poet, Haynes Bayly and Samuel Lover, the songsters of society, Mrs. Opie the most charming of 'Friends,' and that celebrated gastronomic authority, the eccentric Dr. Kitchener.

Unworthy of ranking amongst the above-named eminent persons, yet perhaps one of the most extraordinary characters of that period, moving particularly in literary and theatrical circles, was a man known familiarly as Tommy Hill. He might have sat to Mrs. Centlivre for the portrait of Marplot in 'The Busy Body,' and he was the original of Poole's 'Paul Pry,' as well as of the principal character in Theodore Hook's novel 'Gilbert Gurney.' He knew, or was supposed to know, everything about everybody, and was asked to dine everywhere in order that he might tell it. Scandal was, of course, the great staple of his conversation;

but in general defamatory gossip he might have been equalled by too many. His *specialité* was the accurate information he could impart to those whom it concerned, or whom it did not concern, of all the petty details of the domestic economy of his *friends*, the contents of their wardrobes, their pantries, the number of pots of preserves in their store-closets, and of table-napkins in their linen-presses, the dates of their births and marriages, the amounts of their tradesmen's bills, and whether they paid them weekly or quarterly, or when they could—and he always 'happened particularly to know,' and never failed to inform you when they couldn't. He had been 'on the Press' in former times, and particularly connected with the 'Morning Chronicle,' and used to drive Mathews crazy by ferretting out his whereabouts whenever he left London, though but for a short private visit, popping the address in some paper, and causing his letters to be sent to houses after he had left them, sometimes to the obstruction of business, and always to the doubling of postage—no small matter in those days.

But while so communicative respecting others, he was rigidly reticent with regard to himself. Nobody knew when or where he was born, or could form the slightest conjecture respecting his age or connections. Fawcett and Farley, and others still more advanced in years, remembered finding him established in London when they entered it as young men, looking much the same as he did when I knew him, and no one had ever been able to elicit from him the least morsel of evidence that would lead them to a probable conclusion. This was the cause of much amusing banter amongst his acquaintances, who used to ask him questions concerning the Norman Conquest,

the Spanish Armada, and other ancient historical events, which they insisted he must have been contemporary with; and some one, less extravagantly, identified him with a Mr. Thomas Hill, who is mentioned by Pepys in his Diary, as giving musical parties in the City in the reign of Charles II. He bore all this with the greatest equanimity, and was never observed to wince but upon two occasions; once when Theodore Hook declared that Tommy had stood godfather to old Mrs. Davenport, which was just within the bounds of possibility, and again when Charles Dance maintained that it was quite clear Hill could not have been, as reported, in the ark with Noah, because the animals were all in pairs, and there never was another beast of Tommy's kind. It was surely his thus being the cause of wit in others that occasioned him to be so constantly the guest of many of the most brilliant men of the time; for he was certainly not witty himself, and I will not do them the injustice to believe that the extremely small tittle-tattle of which he was the ceaseless retailer could have had any particular attraction for them, although it occasionally provoked laughter from its contemptible triviality. I never heard any one express the least regard for him while living, or regret for him when he died; for I believe, but would by no means affirm that he is dead, and 'kills characters no longer.'

On the 15th of August, 1827, I started for Vienna, on a tour in Germany, accompanied by a gentleman whose acquaintance I had but recently made, but with whom I contracted a friendship which terminated only with his death in 1858. Our route was upon this occasion by Ostend to the Rhine, which we quitted at Coblenz for the banks of the Lahn,

visiting all the baths, from Ems to Wiesbaden; thence by Frankfort and Aschaffenburg, through the grand forest scenery of the Spessart, to Wurtzburg. Whilst discussing in the *spiese saal* of the hotel 'La Cour de Bavière,' the inevitable veal chop and a bottle of the famous wine which is grown upon the hill crowned by the citadel, a portly personage made his appearance, attired in a grass-green frock-coat, a white waistcoat, and nankeen trousers. A white hat, with green lining to the brim, surmounted a profusion of tow-coloured, or no-coloured hair, which fell in curls on his broad shoulders, and his closely-shaven face had the 'shining morning' glow of a fresh-scrubbed schoolboy. When, years afterwards, I read Wilkie Collins' exciting novel, 'The Woman in White,' I seemed to recognize an old acquaintance in the admirably-drawn character of Fosco. This remarkable individual seated himself, with a benevolent smile at our table, and courteously, but rather familiarly accosted us in French. 'We were English?' Yes. Was this our first visit to Wurtzburg? It was. He should have great pleasure in showing us the city. And, somehow or another, we had scarcely concluded our luncheon when, without having actually accepted his offer, we found ourselves in his—I might almost say, custody. I myself, indeed, was literally his captive, for, passing his left arm under my right, as we issued from the hotel, he grasped my wrist firmly in his capacious palm and then led me along, wheeling me round suddenly and swiftly when we arrived at any object he thought worthy our attention. Prospect, building, or monument, he raised his right hand towards it to a level with his head, uttering invariably the single word 'Com-

ment?' and before it was possible to express an opinion in reply to that note of interrogation, down came the ponderous paw, like a sledge hammer, upon my imprisoned arm, accompanied by the exclamation, 'C'est superb!' I need scarcely say that the repetition of this evolution at about every hundred yards became, in the course of half an hour, anything but agreeable, more particularly as I detected a smile of malicious amusement on the countenance of my more fortunate companion at every recurrence of the infliction. A happy thought occurred to me. Upon the next 'right about face,' at the same instant that he said 'Comment?' I exclaimed, 'C'est superb!' The anticipation had the effect of arresting for a few seconds the descent of the paw; but though surprised, he was not to be defeated. Down it came with the same force on the same place, with the verbal variation of 'C'est le mot!' 'To bear is to conquer our fate,' as the Bard of Hope has philosophically sung, so I endured mine stoically during the remainder of our promenade. He was certainly a capital guide, and evidently well known to the good folks of Augsburg—civil, military, and official. In the Palace Gardens a respectably-dressed young man was seated on a bench, reading a book. As we were passing him our fat friend coolly took it out of his hand with the question, 'Vas lezen sie?' ('What are you reading?') and having satisfied his curiosity by a glance at the title-page, returned it to him with a polite bow, receiving one as polite in exchange from the person whose studies he had so unceremoniously interrupted. Through the gates, up the grand marble staircase, and through the state apartments of the palace we passed, unchallenged by sentinels, unquestioned by ser-

vants. No one spoke to him, or interfered in any way with his movements or descriptions, and I have no doubt we saw more in two hours under his direction than we could have done in a day if left to our own devices. After conducting my companion through the Lunatic Asylum—an excellent establishment, with an inspection of the exterior of which, however, I was perfectly contented, and enjoyed meanwhile the release of my arm from the pounding it had undergone—our mysterious friend took leave of us with the same familiar courtesy that had characterized all his proceedings, neither demanding nor apparently expecting any remuneration for his trouble, being, no doubt, sufficiently paid for it by the police, of which it was subsequently hinted to us by our host he was a secret agent. They manage these matters extremely well in Germany, as we had afterwards more than one opportunity of observing. From Wurtzburg we journeyed by diligence to Nuremberg, the city of Albert Durer, and worthy of being the birthplace of such an artist. There we hired a carriage to take us to Regensburg (Ratisbon), the tidings of which arrangement having reached the ears of a learned professor sojourning in the hotel, and who was desirous of migrating to the said city, his wish was communicated to us by the waiter while we were at dinner, with a request that we would allow the learned gentleman to share our conveyance, he paying his proportion of the expenses *bien entendu*. We consented, and were consequently favoured with his company for two days, during which, as he spoke nothing but German, of which our knowledge was exceedingly limited, we were not compensated by any particularly amusing or interesting conversation, for his total forgetful-

ness to settle his account with us on arriving at the end of our journey. The herr professor was most probably not overburdened with cash, and we would have willingly given him a lift; but it is disagreeable to feel *done out* of sixpence—*à tout pecheur misericorde*,

At Ratisbon we hired a flat-bottomed boat of peculiar construction called a Wertz-ziller, used to descend the Danube in those days, when no steamer had ever profaned that romantic river. This singular-looking craft was forty feet in length, and composed of deal planks quite rough and rudely nailed together, the ribs being natural branches and in the centre a kind of hut of the same materials. It was, in fact, little more than a large rude punt rowed by two men with long paddles tied to upright posts, and steered by a third with a similar paddle. For boat and men we paid something less than ten pounds in English money, with an understanding that they were to land us at Vienna in the course of four days. My account of this little voyage was published in an octavo volume entitled 'The Descent of the Danube,' shortly after my return, and ample quotations from it will be found in Mr. Murray's 'Handbook for Southern Germany;' consequently, as no very remarkable adventure occurred to us during the descent, I will spare the reader of these 'Recollections' the repetition of descriptions of scenery which forty-three years ago possessed the charm of novelty for the majority of English travellers, but is now—though not so familiar as that of the Rhine—sufficiently well-known to the general public. Two questions were eagerly asked wherever we landed: 'Was the Thames Tunnel finished?' 'Was Mr. Canning dead?' Alas! that we had to answer 'Yes' to the

second. He had died some three weeks before we started; and a farce of mine, most unfortunately named 'You must be Buried,' was produced at the Haymarket on the 11th of August, a few days previous to his funeral. It was simply a free translation of 'La Veuve de Malabar,' sent to me by Laporte to do for him; and there was not a word in its one short act to give offence or which could possibly be twisted into any allusion to the serious loss the nation was lamenting; but, as ill-luck would have it, John Reeve, who played a principal part in it, was more imperfect than usual, and being, as usual, *Bacchi plenus*, indulged in such vulgar and revolting ribaldry of his own introduction—technically called 'gag'—that the audience, already prejudiced by the *mal-à-propos* title, became justly incensed and hissed the piece furiously. It lingered on the stage for a few nights and was then, in obedience to its prophetic appellation, consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets.

A version of the same piece, at a more fortunate period, was successfully produced at Drury Lane by Mr. Kenney, and still keeps the stage under the improved title of 'The Illustrious Stranger.' The same subject has recently also been used for a burlesque by Mr. Robert Reece, called 'Brown and the Brahmins.' I was present at the funeral of Mr. Canning in Westminster Abbey, and remember the extraordinary effect produced by the remarkable likeness of Sir Thomas Lawrence to the eminent statesman whose remains were being borne before him. It was as though the spirit of the departed was regretfully following the towement of clay from which it had been so suddenly ejected. But to return to Vienna, where we were duly landed, according to contract,

on the fourth day after leaving Ratisbon. The young Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon II. as he has since been styled) was then residing in the palace of Schönbrunn. We were shown his apartments, but did not catch a glimpse of the prince himself. We saw everything else that was to be seen; made an excursion to Laxembourg (the Wilhelmshöhe of Vienna), the lovely Hellenthal, and the Brühl, a romantic gorge in the mountains of the Wiener Wald; and after a brief but pleasant sojourn in the capital of Austria, proceeded by Salzburg to Munich, from thence to Lindau, the Lake of Constance, Schaffhausen, and the Falls of the Rhine, through the Black Forest to Basle, crossed the Vosges, sleeping at the little village of St. Maurice on the summit, where we hopped over the Moselle at its source, and then by Nancy to Paris, where I heard Scribe and Auber's charming opera 'Le Philtre,' on the libretto of which Donizetti founded his 'Elisire d'Amore' and saw the ballet of 'La Sonnambula,' with Montessu for the heroine, the subject of which was afterwards converted into an opera for Bellini.

I returned to London to find my 'Rencontre' still drawing good houses at the Haymarket, and to commence work for the coming season at Covent Garden; to the stage of which I had the pleasure of restoring (Feb. 5th, 1828) another of our fine old comedies, 'The City Match,' by Jasper Mayne, first acted in 1639, with some additions from Rowley's 'Match at Midnight,' the title of my arrangement being 'The Merchant's Wedding.' His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence was present on its first performance, and was so much pleased with it, that I received his permission to dedicate the play, on publication, to him. My friendly

connection with Covent Garden Theatre was, however, destined to be temporarily suspended. With Mr. Charles Kemble I should never have had any disagreement; but, unfortunately, he had two partners. One of them, it is true, was a quiet person who seldom spoke, though probably, like the Welshman's parrot, 'he thought the more;' but the other was a 'rude and boisterous captain of the sea,' who, utterly destitute of literary taste and ignorant of theatrical usage, imagined a play-house could be managed like a ship, and everybody 'on board' treated as the crew of it. If the greatest actor in the company was too ill to play his part he would say, 'Let another fellow do it!' perfectly indifferent as to whether the 'other fellow' could; or if he refused one he was asked to play, he would have ordered him a round dozen had it been in his power to enforce the punishment. 'He'd flog Charles Young!' growled Fawcett one day to me. 'I know he would if he could!—he'd positively flog Charles Young!' I rarely came in contact with this gentleman: but after Easter the business declined, and some difficulty was found in meeting the manager's engagements. Mr. Kemble never interfered in the financial arrangements of the theatre; and I was, therefore, compelled to have an interview with 'the officer in command' of the treasury; whose discourtesy was so gross, that I declined any further communication with him, and left him to be brought to book by my solicitor. Of course I withdrew myself, though with much reluctance, from a theatre to which I had become so much attached that I had repeatedly declined most tempting offers to write for the rival establishment; and, after producing 'A Daughter to Marry' and 'The Green-eyed Monster' at

the Haymarket during the summer, and 'The Mason of Buda' at the Adelphi in October, I accepted the renewed offer of Mr. Stephen Price and set to work once more for Old Drury. On the 11th of November, 1828 (the anniversary, as it happened, of the death of its eccentric hero), my drama 'Charles XIIth' was brought out at that theatre with remarkable success; Farren looking and acting the Swedish monarch to perfection, and Liston taking the house by storm in the character of Adam Brock, which had been considered by the management quite out of his line, but which he had taken to eagerly and played so admirably that, as he was constantly in the habit of declaring, 'I had given him the opportunity of making a new reputation.' My old friend, and dramatic father, as he used to call himself, John Harley, made an amusing Muddlework, a part which, in the theatre, was thought should have been Liston's; and Miss Ellen Tree as Ulrica, and Miss Love, with the ballad of 'Rise gentle Moon,' composed for her by John Barnett, contributed to secure for the piece a popularity which it enjoys to the present day. On the morning after its fiftieth representation my wife received a very handsome silver tea service, with a note from Mr. Price begging her acceptance of it, 'as a small acknowledgment of the great success of "Charles XIIth."' A far greater benefit, not to me alone, but to English dramatic authors in general, resulted ultimately from this 'great success.' The piece not being printed and published, which, at that period, would have entitled any manager to perform it without the author's permission,

Mr. Murray, of the Theatre Royal Edinburgh, wrote to inquire upon what terms I would allow him to produce it. I named the very moderate sum of ten pounds, which he admitted I was perfectly justified in asking, but declined paying, on the plea that since the introduction of half price in the provinces the expenses attendant on the production of afterpieces was barely covered by the receipt they brought. This was all very well; but Mr. Murray had the dishonesty to obtain surreptitiously a MS. copy of the piece and the effrontery, in the face of the above excuse, to produce the piece, without my permission, at *whole price*, leaving me to my remedy. I did not bring an action against him, but I asked Poole, Kenney, Lunn, Peake, and some others of the working dramatists of the day to dine with me in Brompton Crescent and talk the matter over; and it was agreed that steps should be immediately taken to obtain the protection of an Act of Parliament. I accordingly called on the Hon. George Lamb at Melbourne House, and he kindly consented to bring in a bill for that purpose. He did so, but was unable to get it through the third reading. Mr. Lytton Bulwer, now Lord Lytton, then took it in hand and succeeded in carrying the measure through both Houses. It must be thankfully acknowledged that it has greatly improved the dramatic writer's position by giving him an indisputable control over his own property; and managers have to thank the unworthy conduct of one who was considered the most respectable of their fraternity for the existence of the first Dramatic Authors' Act.

LEAVES BY A LISTENER.

II.—At the Royal Academy.

SIX or seven weeks having now elapsed since the opening of the Royal Academy, and every shade and variety of opinion thus having had a chance of being aired, the listener is in a position to declare his belief in the maxim that 'What everybody says must be true.'

Never forgetting my system of studying 'painting by ear,' I have paid the greatest attention to all that has been expressed concerning the present exhibition, not only among the crowds of sightseers, the groups of *dilettante*, and the knots of artists assembled in the rooms of the Institution during the past months, but, 'in the perfumed chambers of the great,' in the stately-columned clubs, in the midst of social, suburban circles, and among the Bohemian coterie that take a practical interest in art.

Thus, balancing the inane gabble, the dogmatic assertions, the sweeping denunciations, the professional criticism, the fashionable raptures, the off-hand verdicts, the timorous inquisitorial suggestions, and the 'shoppy' talk, I find that, on the whole, the world is much where it was last year. The kaleidoscope has been turned round, the pattern and arrangement of colours are shifted and changed, but much the same sort of remarks are made, and the same wise conclusions drawn as of yore. The press has pronounced with its usual sagacity and evidence of recondite study of art. The followers of the various schools have rallied under the banners of their respective chiefs, prepared to do battle *à l'outrance* with all who do not agree with them. Faed is

touching and charming, or conventional and morbid, according to the camp in which I find myself. One party declares for 'Frith and no surrender,' another, for 'Millais or death!' Sant and Buckner are 'too delightful,' 'Watts and Sandys too horrid,' or vice versa, depending always on which side of the gallery I sit. Although somewhat disunited, the academic school musters in force, and lays about it lustily, scarifying its archaic or pre-Raphaelite brethren with tongues of fire. These, in their turn, treat such assaults with heroic indifference, and pay back with interest the sarcasm and ridicule hurled against them by displaying, as is their wont, the most lofty contempt for the works of their assailants. They laud each other and their doings to the skies, pronouncing the 'loathlie ladies' and the distorted or emasculated youths to be 'stunners' or 'highly jolly.' Unity of opinion in these matters makes them very strong, and justifies the title I have heard given to them of 'The Mutual Self-admiration Society.' As to whether the exhibition is above or below the average, these rival parties fail of course to settle save in their own minds; but weighing the pros and cons justly, one against the other, and listening only to what everybody says, as the reliable fountain of truth, I conclude that the show must be a good one, and highly interesting.

What I anticipated I should hear about the productions of Frith, Millais, Calderon, Leslie, Marks and the rest, when I sketched their doings in March last, has been more than realised. The 'Salon d'Or,' at Homburg, attracts

the great unthinking crowd of the season, while the rail in front of, and the two policemen flanking the picture, act as admirable advertisements, and draw up stragglers to the spot much in the same way as do the gong and drum to the largest and noisiest booth in a country fair! and the outsiders, who are unable to gain admission to the performance going on, console themselves by glaring with wonder and admiration at the helmeted and bearded myrmidons of the law, often imagining that some attempt at petty larceny is the reason for their presence.

In a very different spirit does the crowd congregate in front of 'Chill October,' and I have heard everything I expected, and more, in praise of Millais' great triumph as a landscape painter. Moses 'supported by Aaron and Hur,' 'Nausicaa and her maids,' the 'Bookworm,' and 'On her way to the Throne,' provoke nearly word for word the comments I foretold. Marcus Stone, Yeames, Hodgson, and Wynfield have kept the word of promise which was whispered in my ear, and have in no way attempted to break it to my heart.

Scholastic and academic to the highest pitch, Mr. Leighton this year transcends himself, and his school with justice points to his 'Hercules wrestling with Death for the body of Alcestis,' as one of the noblest examples which he, or any English painter of modern times, has given of the value of high culture and training upon a genius such as his. There is no limit to the words of approval I have heard bestowed on him for this and his two smaller pictures. The illness which unhappily deprived the public last year of a taste of his quality would really appear to have increased rather than detracted from 'the cunning

of his hand.' My ears have long ago informed me that the names of Leighton and Millais are constantly coupled, and it is so I suppose because their work is so very different, because it represents as one may say the 'poles' of painting, and because both painters probably about the same age, came to the front about the same time. Some such consideration may have induced Mr. Watts to give us both their portraits, but whatever may have been the cause of this artist's doing so, I opine that there are very few people who are not grateful that his genius should have employed itself upon representing so splendidly the two greatest painters of the nineteenth century. So speaks at least one side of the house, and it is the majority, but whether right or left, or right or wrong, it is not for a mere listener to pronounce.

As Mr. Leighton represents the popular academic school, I fear Mr. Armitage has hitherto represented the unpopular; but I find that the fact of his having now drawn upon what I shall call the 'modern future' for his inspiration, has much advanced him on the road to people's hearts. His 'Peace; a battlefield of the late war twenty years hence,' is looked upon as a fine and legitimate *pièce de circonstance* arising out of the recent contest, and which has also furnished Mr. Gale with good employment for his brush. I overhear great sympathy expressed by one class of gazers for his 'Que le bon Dieu donne la paix.'

Keeley Halswelle was a name honorably mentioned last year by all who saw his 'Street scene in Rome,' and now his 'Contadine in St. Peter's,' seems to impress people with the idea that in him may be found eventually a likely successor to the mantle of John Philip, 'Philip of Spain,' as he was called.

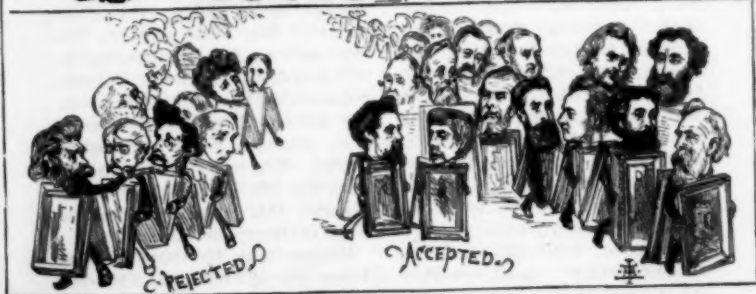
The mention of Spain immediately suggests the name of Long, an artist from whom that country has so often received able illustration, although the Royal Academy has been fain to let him make his reputation elsewhere than in its rooms. The power, however, of his present academy pictures, 'A question of Propriety,' and 'An Easter Vigil,' has been too great to allow of any farther doubt among the potentates of his right to high consideration.

That he, who painted 'Bravo Toro,' and many other phases of this same picturesque life in Spain, should have suddenly descended to the modern domestic of St. John's Wood or Kensington, is considered lamentable. Young mothers and gushing spinsters go into raptures over J. B. Burgess's 'Visit to the Nursery,' but the cognoscenti whilst admitting the skill of the painter, and that the subject for what it is, is admirably chosen, insist that it is of a class which reminds them of those timid milk and water limners, who from want of enterprise or other causes, have never travelled beyond the home circle in search of incidents.

I heard the inevitable 'funny' man who is always to be found with some pretty cousins 'doing' the Royal Academy, remark, whilst standing in front of Mr. Edgar Barclay's picture of 'The Steps of Ana Capri,' where the peasants are ascending to the upper village by the long flight of rough steps carved and built in the face of the rocky island, that 'such a getting upstairs' had never been seen before, but it was not long 'ere the gentleman and his companions fell into the chorus of general admiration which this remarkably clever and original production has elicited. The 'Hill at Norwich, Market-day,' sounds 'bucolic' as a title to my uninitiated ear, but by

its connection with the name of F. B. Barwell, will do much to show the painter's versatility, and prove that portraiture of man and beast comes to him with equal facility. A. B. Donaldson with his 'After a battle during the Wars of the Roses,' still maintains his good name for fine colour, and the period which inspires him likewise offers Mr. Pettie in a somewhat kindred feeling subject matter for his art. His 'Scene in the Temple Gardens' is, however, thought by his brother artists to be eclipsed by his very splendid portrait of Mr. Mac Whirter, the landscape painter, and landscape-painting in itself has hardly a worthier student than the last-named gentleman, whose 'Into the depths of the Forest,' and 'A wet day,' curiously enough coincide in subject with those of Mr. Peter Graham's pictures. The rivalry I am informed, however, in this selection was quite unintentional, and so far unimportant as that it creates comparison certainly, but nothing odious. The Scottish clan of landscape limners keep up the fight manfully, and they had need, for Mr. Vicat Cole, as the leader of their southern foes, this year has fully justified the selection made of him as an Associate by the Royal Academy. Lovers of English rural scenery applaud him loyally for his 'Autumn Gold' and other landscapes, and Mr. George Hering in his highly poetical, and very beautiful picture called 'Tormore,' some 'Druidical remains in the Isle of Arran,' and also one of 'Arran Moorland,' presses hard for recognition by the potentates. The landscape painter's art in fact has been very graciously treated this year by the Academy, and I hear none of those rumbling echoes anent its neglect, so prevalent in the press and else-





where of late; for apart from Millais' effort it is said there are hosts of capital renderings of rural nature all around. H. B. Davis, to wit, is very strong, and Henry Moore, Hulme, Leader, Frank Dillon, and Harry Johnson, and many others are represented worthily and made much of.

Of course, you know I am not pretending to describe the canvases; I only undertake to report some of the gossip about them. Those individuals who revert to the illusionary process of judging by appearances, must do the rest. Some of these say that Mr. Orchardson's chief picture, large as it is, is all background; that Mr. Cope might have found better subjects, and that without much trouble he might have painted them better.—I recollect, years ago, hearing derisive mirth excited by his picture of 'Wellington after Waterloo,' and 'Reading for Honours,' but it did not exceed the profound humour evoked by his present pictures of 'Mr. Guy conferring with Dr. Mead about the plan for his Hospital,' and the 'Night Alarm.' The aforesaid 'funny' man makes fine capital out of such productions, and the intelligent reader can foresee what he says about that 'Guy' being a 'Fawkes' and no mistake, although more likely to blow up his house-keeper than the Houses of Parliament. Facetious, too, is our joker at the Academy, though as reverential as his nature will permit when in front of Mr. Val Prinsep's 'Odin, the Scandinavian God of War,' with his attendant ravens, 'Thought and Memory' (Huelin and Muelin). He says it is a very fine picture, the best the artist has painted, but I hear him muttering as he turns away, some imbecile reference to "huelin and muelin, in the nurse's arms!" which, nevertheless, throws his pretty cousins into

fits. Quite abashed and serious, however, the whole party becomes when standing in front of Mr. Frederick Walker's 'At the Bar.' There are no facetious utterances now, for despite certain doubts as to the success of this canvas, which were wafted about during the early hours of the Exhibition, they have all vanished, and out of the gloom which so naturally pervades the whole of the picture, and which is in such thorough keeping with the tone and feeling of the subject, has merged a ray of genius and tragic power which holds undisputed sway over the beholder. Mr. Walker is a young man, new and inexperienced in the management of large canvases and life-sized figures, consequently there may be certain short-comings in the *mécanique* of his materials; but Mr. Walker is a genius, as no one appears to doubt after a good look at this, the most complete justification of the wisdom of the Academy in absorbing him into its body.

Generally impressive, too, my ear tells me, is the effect of Mr. Poole's 'Guidarius and Arviragus lamenting the supposed Death of Imogen.' I hear this painter's partisans declare it to be a masterpiece; Imogen's form being especially spoken of, and they seem to wish that the treatment of Bürger's 'Lenore' had fallen into Mr. Poole's hands, rather than into those of Mr. Elmore, whom the wise ones say is not so thoroughly at home in the regions of German romance as he is in Algeria—in the tent of Holofernes—or, as of yore, amongst the revolutionists of '92. The same folks further wish that Mr. E. M. Ward had not deserted this latter epoch for the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Regret that Mr. Poynter's labours for Government interfere with his contributions for the

Royal Academy are rife on all hands, although his 'Suppliant to Venus,' and 'Girl feeding Sacred Ibis in the Halls of Karnac,' are some compensation for the absence of more important work. The narrow-minded and close borough sort of talkers, who object to all foreigners upon principle, and those in particular who occupy space which should be covered, as they think, by British canvases alone, nevertheless, are fain to admit that Messieurs Gérôme and Tadmé, Langeé and Hébert, are accomplished men. As I listen, however, I find that 'A Vendre' and 'Cléopâtre' form striking examples for the foreign-phobist to quote as proofs of the mental depravity existing on the Continent; and pretty cousins are hustled away to ground, upon which their jocose companion may make his jokes without being thought guilty of *doubles entendres*. He declares (going to a another part of the rooms, and as if to cover his retreat from the difficulties M. Gérôme has involved him in) that Mr. Leighton's 'Cleoboulos instructing Cleoboulina,' has a chemical twang about the title, and he is always inclined to call it 'Chloroform instructing Chlorodine' instead. Then this persistent tumbler alludes to 'Autumn Gold' as 'a very hot Cole (coal) indeed,' and the last I heard of him was propounding a riddle as to why Mr. Frith had given us so many half and three-quarter length figures?—'Why, if he had not, you see, there would have been far too many "legs," even for a gambling table!'

Although too much after the manner of 'that confounded foreign school, sir!' Mr. Eyre Crowe's 'Friends' is not without merit; a more liberal verdict extols it as a really very fine and original rendering of an original

subject. 'Don't like Hook this year—crude and raw. Those Norway greens poke your eyes out: let him stick to Surrey and Cornwall,' and then there is a fight with those who, because Mr. Hook is a great artist and has won golden spurs, insist that he can never err, although it would seem he has done so to some extent, in his rendering with such extreme vividness the natural colours of the Norwegian swards. True to Nature very likely in his tones, they are yet scarcely selected with the judgment to be expected from a keen-eyed landscape painter. A 'Symphony in Green' may also be found from the hands of Mr. Albert Moore, who, in his two panels (for it is said they have no pretensions to be called pictures) of 'Battledore' and 'Shuttlecock' rings the changes with great skill upon the tones of blue and green, frequently so unmanageable if brought into juxta-position with one another. Thus speak those brethren of the brush who pin their faith to the decorative as the only end and aim of the pictorial art; and some wisdom has been shown, perhaps, in hanging canvases of this tendency as much as possible together, so that the members of the Mutual Self-admiration Society may have a club-room as it were, into which they can withdraw and indulge in their fits of rapture without fear of interference from a lower order of intellect. The names of Armstrong, Arthur Hughes, Brett, Bateman, and Clifford, ring in my ears when I enter Gallery No. 7; and woe betide any luckless opponent of the views expressed in colour on the walls, by these gentlemen! He has a bad time of it, and usually retreats worsted and scowling, or doggedly takes up ground in front of Walter Field's 'Milkmaid's Song to Isaac Walton,' pro-

testing that that is his notion of a charming combination of landscape and figures, or lauds in a loud voice C. P. Knight's 'Channel Fleet off the Lizard,' or Raven's 'Matterhorn,' or, making some concession to his foes, admits that G. Mason delights him, in spite of himself.

An opportunity of estimating the profound ability, which in some cases has been exercised in criticising the pictures, was afforded me by overhearing an eminent and well-known *littérateur* declare that it was all very well to give the Press a day to itself, but, for his part, he wanted the swells, and the women, and the dresses, of the orthodox 'private view,' to make up his notion of a picture show! Evidently classing the limner's art with that of the horticulturist! and looking upon the last Friday in April at the Royal Academy as a sort of botanical fête; and I expected to hear him complain when farther inveighing against what he called the ghastliness of the Press day, that the band of the Life-Guards was not in attendance! Truly, if I were a thinker for myself, and not a mere servile follower of the opinions of others, I might have been tempted to imagine that a fairer chance of estimating the merits of the pictures would have been obtained by having free access to them, unimpeded by the distractions of glittering toilets and bright eyes. The eminent *littérateur* evidently knew more about it than I pretend to do; but is it not just possible that the journal he represents has suffered in its Art reviews from this gentleman's preference for the charms of gay society to a studious devotion to the pictures he was called upon to inspect? Some folks are never content! they always will grumble, and now that the Press has at

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THE BATTLE IN THE CHANNEL.

*The Retrospection of a Jack.**Dedicated to the Panic-stricken Readers of BLACKWOOD.*

I SERVED as gunner's mate
 When I was twenty-eight,
 That's fifty anno dominis ago,
 And our ship which was *The Spanker*,
 Were a riding at her anchor,
 One Sunday night in August you must know.

I were chewin' of a quid,
 Which I ordinary did
 O' Sundays, for I think it's sort o' right,
 When our gunner—Ben's his name—
 Did quite suddenly exclaim;
 And his exclamation were 'Blow me tight!'

Says he, 'My jolly mates,
 This here Lloyd's paper states,
 As we're goin' to fight them German furineers!'
 Whereupon, we tars in spite
 Of its bein' Sunday night,
 Stood up and gave three hearty British cheers.

* * * *

Well, we sailed away to meet
 This famous German fleet—
 Consarnin' which there'd been no end of jaw;
 For in six weeks they had planned,
 And built, and launched, and manned
 The finest fleet a nation ever saw.

We had cruised about on Sunday,
 But about six bells on Monday,
 When, as smooth as any mirror was the water,
 Right out on the horizon,
 Rose a cloud as black as pison:
 'Twas the foe a steamin' down upon our quarter.

'Twas all as still as death,
 There was not a single breath,
 But our Adm'ral wore a smile upon his cheek:
 The foe was on our larboard,
 But right away out starboard
 Was a werry little tiny narrer streak.

A chucklin' werry sly,
 And a winking of his eye,
 Our Admiral gave orders for to run;
 And the enemy gave chase,
 For the Germans, as a race,
 Have a preference for fighting ten to one.

At seven we felt a whiff;
At eight it blowed right stiff;
At nine it was blowing half a gale;
But at ten the waves ran higher
Than St. Paul's Cathedral's spire,
And my language to describe the same do fail.

We kept a 'lectric light
A burning all the night;
But on Tuesday in the morning about three,
My gunner up and spoke,
'Darn me if any smoke
Is a comin' from their chimley pots,' says he.

Just then we heerd a shout,
And our Admiral sang out—
'Send the signal up to wear about, and close!'
Then fore and aft we ran;
To his post stood every man;
And louder than the storm our cheers arose.

We neared them, and took aim,
And the word to Fire came;
And our volley down the line of battle roared.
But the German answered not—
Not a solitary shot,
But her ensign fluttered down by the board.

We was speechless pretty nigh,
As we couldn't make out for why
The sponge they should so quickly up'ards chuck it,
Till Bismarck we espied
Hangin' pallid o'er the side,
And Moltke sitting down beside a bucket.

All their gunners, all their stokers,
Lay as flat as kitchen pokers,
All a groaning from the bottom of their soul;
For all their precious crew,
Unaccustomed to the Blue
Invalided when the ships began to roll.

And thus the battle ended,
And the broken peace was mended;
And William when at last he ceased to be,
Died a sadder and a wiser,
A more circumspect old kaiser,
And a member of the Peace Societee.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAIS.

THE advent of the Sociétaires of the Comédie Française is an epoch in the theatrical annals of London. For nearly two centuries Paris has been the home of that, the most illustrious dramatic institution in the world. Verily it is a sign of the times. Is London destined to grasp the sceptre of art and fashion which is falling from the enervated hand of the gay capital? It would almost seem so.

We have no establishment at all resembling the Comédie Française at the present day. The old patent theatres, when they held the monopoly of the legitimate drama,—made some approach, but were still far behind it in dignity and importance. To become a member of the famous Comédie has ever been the *acmé* of every French actor's ambition; and to the hope of one day attaining that reward of all his labours is undoubtedly due the superiority of French acting over the English. There is no incentive for the English actor to become an artist, simply because, in the present heterogeneous condition of the stage, he has no fixed object to work for.

To become a Sociétaire of the Comédie Française presupposes the individual to have attained a high proficiency in his or her art. No one is admitted without first performing a species of novitiate, that is to say, playing a certain time on trial. If the aspirant be then found to be of sufficient excellence, he or she is admitted to all the privileges of the body corporate; that is to say, will be entitled to a certain share of the receipts, and to a pension after retirement, as well as to the honourable distinction of membership. In times of established government the receipts of the theatre were

supplemented by grants from the State. The Odéon, which has been called the second Théâtre Français, now shares with the elder establishment the monopoly of the classical repertory. No body of artists was ever so thoroughly conservative as this. Every stage tradition has been handed down from generation to generation with the utmost minuteness. Thus at the present day the acting of such plays as 'Tartuffe,' 'Le Misanthrope,' &c., is an exact facsimile of that which took place before le Grand Monarque himself, from the intonation of voice and the 'make-up' down to the slightest movement of the hands.

As the drama of all countries of modern Europe, that of France originated in the Mysteries and Moralities of the monks. In the reign of Charles the Sixth the Confrères de la Passion associated with the Enfants Sans Souci, and obtained the sole privilege of publicly performing Mysteries. In 1548 they built a theatre near the Hôtel Burgogne; but from that time plays upon religious subjects were prohibited by Act of Parliament, as was also the appearance of the brotherhood upon the stage, who for the future, were obliged to content themselves by witnessing the performances behind the gratings of two little cell-like boxes reserved for the purpose. Weak imitations of classical plays by Baif, La Péruse, and Jodile, superseded Scriptural subjects. In the year 1600 another theatre was built near the Hôtel de Ville, called the Théâtre de Marais. Both companies were under the authority of the Confrères de la Passion, to whom was paid a crown for each performance. The entertainment then began at two o'clock in the afternoon, and terminated at half-

past four. But the Marais, having taken the lead in popularity, after some years freed itself from the fetters of the *Confrères*, and opened an establishment in a tennis court in the old Rue du Temple. In that building, from 1629 to 1673, were performed the *chefs d'œuvres* of Molière, that great writer being at the same time actor and director. After his death the *élite* of his troop rejoined the comedians of the Hôtel Burgogne, while the remainder attached themselves to the *troupe* of Monsieur at the Palais Royal.* On the 25th of October, 1680, the two bodies reunited and established the Société of the Comédie Française. They built a theatre in the Rue Guénégaud, and relinquished that of the Hôtel Burgogne to the Italian Comedians. Here they remained until the year 1688.

Between 1625 and 1688 was the first great dramatic age of France—the age of Corneille, Racine, Boursault, &c. In 1688 the Société built, at a cost of 200,000 livres, a new theatre in a tennis court of the Rue des Fosses Saint Germain-des-Près, which it occupied for a period of eighty-two years. This included the second, and perhaps most brilliant epoch of French dramatic art, being marked by the productions of Le Sage, Marivaux, Diderot, Beaumarchais, Crebillon, and Voltaire.

The works of these great men were illustrated and interpreted upon the stage by men and women inferior in genius only to those writers themselves. There was the nobly descended Champmeslé, the pupil of Racine, who was so admirable in love scenes, and of whose death it was written :

‘Jamais Iphigénie in Aulide immolée.
N’a coulé tant de pleurs.’

* The sale of that building was afterwards ceded to Lully, who there founded the Opera.

The great Baron was called ‘the honour and the wonder of the French stage.’ When, previous to the production of one of his plays, Racine had given the most minute instructions in their parts to the other actors, he said to Baron, ‘For you, monsieur, I leave you to yourself. Your own judgment will teach you far better than I can.’ At the age of thirty-seven he quitted the stage, to return to it at sixty-eight. He resumed the parts of his youth, which for ten years he played with all his old fire and vivacity; but when his powers began to fail, an ungrateful public showed him but little indulgence. ‘Ungrateful parterre!’ he exclaimed one night after he had been hissed. ‘If thou hast any taste it is I who have bestowed it upon thee, and now thou hast turned it into a weapon against me!’ He was a pupil of Molière’s, and, like his great master, was seized for death upon the stage.

There was Dumesnil, whose acting was so terribly earnest that one night, while playing Cleopâtre in the tragedy of ‘Rodogune, her frightful imprecations in the last act so worked upon the feelings of an old soldier, who was standing in the side scenes, that he struck her a violent blow upon the back, exclaiming, ‘Allez — à tous les diables votre même!’—a demonstrative compliment to her artistic powers that highly flattered Dumesnil.

At the opening of the eighteenth century one of the stars of the Français was Adrienne Lecouvreur, whose career has furnished a subject for the talents of a great actress of our own day—Rachel. Lecouvreur’s origin was very humble; she was brought up by an aunt, a laundress, and was herself destined for that calling; but Legrand, a celebrated actor, rescued her from

this position. She was educated by Dumarsais, the grammarian, and the beauty and purity of her epistolary style is said to have almost equalled that of Sévigné herself. There was a passionate attachment between her and the celebrated Maurice, Marshal de Saxe, for whom she proved the disinterestedness of her attachment by selling her plate for 40,000 livres to pay his debts of honour. She died of a terrible and mysterious malady, supposed by some to have been the effects of poison, administered to her by a noble rival for the affections of the marshal. Bossuet, who attended the theatre to study declamation, refused her Christian burial, an act of bigotry which Voltaire vituperated in an elegy upon her death. She introduced a less declamatory and more natural style of acting, and although of rather low stature, possessed so noble a mien as to call forth the remark, 'I have seen a queen among the actors.' There was the haughty Quinault Dufresne, the plague of authors. When Voltaire, then a young man, cast him for *Œdipus*, he objected to the fine scene between *Œdipus* and *Jocasta*, imitated from *Sophocles*. But Voltaire insisted, and to hide the mortification of his defeat Quinault declared that he would play the *bad* scene in order to *punish* him. '*Le Glorieux*' of Destouches was written for this actor, who for three years put it aside, because in the catastrophe *Le Glorieux* was humiliated and rejected by *Isabelle*; so Destouches was obliged to marry him to the heroine to get his play produced. It became one of the fastidious actor's greatest parts. Once his haughtiness got him into trouble—into the *For l'Evêque*, whither rebellious actors and actresses were sent, for but very slight

offences. There being a noise in the house, some voices in the pit requested him to speak louder, to which he paid no heed, except by a contemptuous glance. At length, irritated by the continual iteration of the demand, he exclaimed insolently, 'You speak lower!' A riot ensued, amidst which Dufresne was marched off to durance vile. There is a capital anecdote told of Brécourt, another celebrity of the Comédie. Hunting with the king in the forest of Fontainebleau, he was furiously attacked by a wild boar, against whom he vigorously defended himself, and ended the encounter by plunging his sword up to the hilt in the body of the beast. 'I have not only never seen you play your part more naturally,' said Louis (le Grand), smiling, 'but have never witnessed a better sword thrust.' There was the beautiful Raisin, whom Louis the Fourteenth requested to leave the stage, as he did not think it correct that the person whom the dauphin honoured with his love should remain a public performer. For eleven years she received a pension of 11,000 livres. After the dauphin's death this pension was suppressed. But in 1716 another of 2,000 livres was bestowed upon her by the regent Orleans. There was the fascinating Clairon, who was banished the stage at the age of forty-two, in the very height of her fame. She married the Margrave of Anspach, he being some twelve or thirteen years younger than herself.*

* The cause of her banishment was refusing to play with an actor named Dubois, who had been guilty of some dishonourable act. But Dubois had a pretty daughter who possessed great influence over certain gentlemen of the bed-chamber—the tyrants of the theatre; these were appealed to, and Clairon was

One of the greatest names of the French stage is that of Le Kain. Great not only by his genius, but by the wonderful industry by which he conquered certain defects of nature that would have marred the perfection of his acting. Before he entered the profession, the stage-struck youth formed an amateur society, which assumed such formidable proportions that even the great Théâtre grew uneasy, and obtained its suppression. During this time, however, Voltaire had witnessed some of his performances, and perceiving the great natural talents of the young man, he took him as a *protégé*, gave him his first lessons in dramatic art, and obtained for him an appearance at the Comédie Française. But here he encountered the bitterest opposition from the Sociétaires, who, like all good old conservative bodies, hated the sight of a new comer. For eighteen months they would not enrol him upon the list of members. At length, after much difficulty, he obtained permission to play the part of Orosmane at court, and to the king, Louis the Fifteenth, was to be left the decision whether he should be admitted or not. When the performance was over Louis, who saw him for the first time, expressed his astonishment that this actor should have been so decried. 'He has made me weep,' he said, 'who weep but seldom: let him be received.' Le Kain's voice was naturally hard and dissonant, but by constant practice and labour he so conquered its imperfections that while delivering some fine passage, women, carried away by its exquisite intonation, would involuntarily exclaim 'How beautiful!' And the se-

removed to the For l'Évêque. Indignant at such infamous treatment, she quitted the stage for ever.

verest critics confessed that they had never heard a voice whose tones were more flexible, more musical, and more varied, or more adapted to express either passion or tenderness. His features were by nature somewhat disagreeable; but by constantly watching and governing their expression they became in acting, both pleasing and expressive. In conjunction with Voltaire and Clairon he began the reformation of costume. Previously to this time the Romans of Corneille's and Racine's plays had been arrayed in the full court dress of the day, but Le Kain and Voltaire introduced the custom of dressing the characters of a play in some approximation to the age and country to which they belonged. The innovation was violently opposed by the Sociétaires, who have always been inordinate sticklers for old customs. They also abolished *banquettes*—seats ranged round the stage for the accommodation of noblemen and gentlemen—which had so greatly incommoded the actors. During Le Kain's last illness the pit demanded each evening a bulletin of his health before it would permit the performance to commence. And when at last Monval announced the sad tidings of his death, a stupor fell upon the audience; but the next moment all rose from their seats and quitted the theatre, murmuring among themselves, 'He is dead!'

In 1770 the Théâtre Français was removed to the Palace of the Tuileries. And again in 1782 to a building, afterwards the Odéon. The Revolution failed not to affect the actors as well as all other men. The minor theatres began to clamour against the monopoly of the classical plays enjoyed by the Français; who replied, that having paid for those productions, the sole right of their representa-

tion justly belonged to it. Argumentative pamphlets were issued upon both sides and petitions presented to the government. One argument advanced by the Sociétaires was identical with that put forth by our own Colley Cibber in his 'Apology,' about one generation previous,—that there was not sufficient dramatic talent extant to sustain even two really rival companies in Paris; indeed scarcely enough for one!

The celebrated 'Marriage of Figaro,'* the representation of which was long forbidden by Louis the Sixteenth, was produced and created an enormous sensation. This was followed, in 1789, by Chénier's tragedy of 'Charles the Ninth,' a production destined to be a great thorn in the Comédie's side. In this wise. The play being obnoxious to the Court, the actors were secretly requested to withdraw it. Steadfastly opposed to the principles of the Revolution, they gladly obeyed the hint, and withdrew the tragedy in the height of its success. On the 24th of July, 1790, it was bespoken by the *Fédérés* of Provence and the district of the Cordeliers. When the night came another play was substituted in its place; upon which Mirabeau and some of his associates rose up in the pit and demanded that 'Charles the Ninth' should be presented. Naudet, a celebrated actor, came forward and declared that it was impossible to comply with their request on account of the illness of Madame Vestris and De St. Prix. Talma—a friend of Mirabeau's and an enthusiastic convert to the new principles—who had not long become a Sociétaire—then advanced: 'I will answer for Madame Vestris—she will play the part. The rôle of the Cardinal shall be read—you

shall have the play!' he cried excitedly. When he came off, Naudet accused him of endeavouring to stir up the factions against the Comédie; high words ensued, and he struck Talma in the face. This led to a duel, in which, fortunately, neither sustained any injury. This was followed by a paper war; the Comédie published a pamphlet containing a series of charges against Talma; to which he issued a reply. Mirabeau was dragged into the dispute, which terminated in Talma's secession from the Société.

There was another great artist, a lady, Dugazon, who was equally enthusiastic upon the royalist side—a much nobler and more courageous champion, since it was on the unpopular one. She had always cherished a singularly grateful remembrance of the plaudits bestowed upon her early efforts by Marie Antoinette. One night, during the year 1792, the unhappy queen was present at the Français—it was one of her last visits; the play was 'Les Evénements Imprévus,' Dugazon, who played the part of Lisette, had in the second act to speak these lines—

'J'aime mon maître tendrement.

Ah! combien j'aime ma maîtresse.'

Feeling intensely their applicability she glanced towards the royal box with eyes filled with tears. The audience caught the sympathetic expression and shouted savagely, '*à prison! à prison!*' But instead of being intimidated by their threats, she advanced close to the box and, with yet deeper pathos and expression, repeated the verses. The queen was much moved by such brave devotion; and even the audience, struck by so much daring, gave a burst of applause. But the act compelled

* Beaumarchais' play—not the opera.

Dugazon to retire from the stage for three years.

The comedians were, however, at last obliged to go with the times, and the Théâtre Français became the Théâtre de la Nation and ultimately the Théâtre de l'Egalité. But their choice of pieces did not please the lovers of freedom. The comedy of 'L'Ami des Lois,' and, above all, the 'Pamela' of François Neuchâteau, got them into trouble. In the latter play occurs this line—

“Le parti qui triomphe est le seul légitime.”

It was applauded and vociferously encoered by the audience. In 1793 the Théâtre Français was closed by order of the Commune, the actors thrown into prison and most of them guillotined. Talma, in spite of his republican principles, was put by Marat upon the list of suspects, was obliged to fly for his life and hide away in all kinds of holes and corners. In the meantime the privileges of the Théâtre Français were abolished and absolute free trade declared in things dramatic. A number of new theatres were opened in Paris—Théâtre Sansculotte, Théâtre Feydeau, where Mdlle. Mars first appeared, Théâtre de Beaujolais, Théâtre des Victoires Nationales, &c. &c.

In 1799, the comedians—those who had escaped the guillotine—reunited, and in 1804 resumed their ancient title. Under the Imperial rule the theatres were reduced to eight—four of which were Imperial. But the Théâtre Français, and the Théâtre Impératrice were especially favoured, being under the surveillance and direction of the chamberlain Rémusat. A decree, dated from Moscow the 15th of October, 1812, fixed the number of Sociétaires at twenty-four, with the right to retire upon a pension

after twenty years of membership. It also set forth a code of rules for the complete administration of the society. Talma, whose advent to its classic boards had been so stormy, became the bright particular star. His artistic fame resounded through Europe. He was received on the most intimate terms by Napoleon himself, whose friend he had been when the great emperor was only a poor lieutenant. His great genius has been too frequently descanted upon to call for any eulogy in these pages. At his funeral, in 1826, an immense concourse of people of all grades, nobles, artists, bourgeois, rich and poor, assembled to take a last look upon and pay a last token of respect to the remains of him whose art had so often delighted and instructed them. A marble statue was raised to his memory by public subscription, to which his brother comedians gave the handsome sum of twelve thousand francs.* For thirty-nine years he had enjoyed an almost uninterrupted career of public favour.

It would be impossible to close the history of this period without some reference to the fascinating and evergreen Mademoiselle Mars, whose memory is yet fresh in the minds of many old Parisian playgoers. At sixty she played young girls of twenty—her figure having lost none of its suppleness and youthful grace. An assertion that we, who have not had the pleasure of verifying, need not doubt, after witnessing the appearance and performances of Déjazet, during this last winter. At fifty-eight she was arranging a marriage for her grand-daughter, but the young bridegroom elect became so enamoured of the grandmother, that he would not hear of it. Scribe read to her his play of

* This statue is now the property of the Comédie Française.

the 'Grandmother:' when he finished, she said, 'Ah, yes, it is very good, but I have been trying to think who can play the grand-mother.' 'Ah, yes, that is the difficulty,' answered the author, who dared not, after that venture, to explain that he had written the rôle for her. She had a great veneration for Napoleon, and he had a great admiration for her talent. One day, at a review, catching sight of her amongst a crowd, he spurred his horse up to her carriage. 'You have come to return us a visit for those we have so much pleasure in paying you,' he said. One night, during the Hundred Days, she appeared in a dress covered with violets—Napoleon's flower. After the re-entry of the Royalists into Paris, this mark of sympathy with the fallen dynasty, was remembered against her, and her appearance upon the stage was hailed with loud cries of '*à genoux, à genoux.*' She immediately advanced, and regarding the turbulent audience with an unflinching eye, waited quietly until, having exhausted their clamours, they would hear her speak. When partial silence was restored, she said in a bold, firm tone, 'Gentlemen, I will not kneel, and if you will not have the kindness to permit me to finish my part, I quit the theatre for ever!' This audacious speech, by its very audacity, turned the tide in her favour, and the applause of the majority soon silenced the hisses of the dissentients. A complaint was made to the king, but to his honour be it recorded, he protected the actress from further annoyance.

The year 1830 is a memorable one in the annals of the *Comédie Française*. Up to that period no drama of the romantic school had ever been presented upon its

boards. Corneille, Racine, and their successors, had been alone thought worthy of entrance to that classic temple. But the day was coming when two daring iconoclasts, Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo, were to profane the shrine dedicated to the lifeless and unnatural creations, or rather imitations of the old masters, with beings of flesh and blood, speaking the language of passion and of man. The frigid declamations of Frenchified Greeks and Romans, were to be superseded by the terrible irony and despair of 'Triboulet,' and the passionate outpourings of 'Ruy Blas.' The *courier-avant* of the new order of things was Dumas' 'Henri III.' But the battle was fought over Victor Hugo's first-acted play, 'Hernani.' Its acceptance by the director excited the utmost dismay at the *Français*, where it was regarded as a horrible monstrosity. Mdlle. Mars was disgusted, and so constantly annoyed the author, by sarcastic remarks and suggested alterations, that he at last threatened to take the part from her. All the actors, or nearly all, were equally, and even more hostile. Out of doors they worked unceasingly to make its condemnation a foregone conclusion; they caricatured it in drawing-rooms, recited garbled versions of all the critical passages, even supplied the Vaudeville with materials to produce a parody upon one of the principal scenes. Besides these annoyances, the author had a hard fight with the censor over certain passages which he would not cancel, and which at one time endangered its production. He carried his point, however, as the government did not consider it exactly prudent to repeat the case of Marion de l'Orme.

As the night approached the

excitement grew enormous—the demand for seats far exceeded the accommodation—people of position wrote letters, begging and praying for places at any price, or even to be admitted to a rehearsal. In spite of the most urgent remonstrances, Hugo firmly refused to admit the assistance of the hired *claqueurs*. But offers of support were tendered him by the whole literary and artistic world of Paris, which, convinced that the classicalists would give desperate battle, and with overwhelming odds, he prudently accepted. Red tickets marked with the word 'hieroglyph' were distributed among his friends, who gathered together for the occasion all the Bohemians of literature, and by one o'clock in the afternoon there assembled round the Français, one of the strangest groups that astonished Parisian eyes ever beheld. Men with long dishevelled hair floating wildly about their necks, and down upon their shoulders, and shaggy untrimmed beards, dressed in every conceivable style and age of costume, except that of the prevailing mode; gaudy, shabby, eccentric, and ragged—resplendent satin waistcoats—Spanish cloaks—seedy trousers—dilapidated boots. Three o'clock was the hour of their admittance, and until that time, they remained in the street, their numbers continually increasing.

Enraged at the sight of this barbarous horde who had come to desecrate the classic temple, the comedians mounted to the roof of the building and collecting all the sweepings and garbage of the theatre, hurled them down upon it, in the hope of exciting a riot, and thus obtaining the assistance of the police to remove the obnoxious enemy. But under a fire of cabbage-stumps, rotten fruit and

dirt the Bohemians kept their tempers. At three o'clock they were admitted. The orchestra, second gallery, and the whole of the pit except fifty seats, were filled by them. Not having dined, they produced from their pockets sausages and other refreshments, in discussing which they whiled away the tedious hours that intervened before the play commenced. Not hurrying themselves, the repast was not finished when the audience began to enter. The whole theatre was powerfully perfumed with the scent of garlic and other abominations to polite noses. Mlle. Mars was furious—so were all the actors, even the scene-shifters. The house was magnificent—one blaze of splendid dresses and jewellery, except where the eye fell upon the serried ranks of the Bohemians. First act passed without opposition, and any dissentient sound that occurred during the second and third was quickly drowned by the applause of the pit. At the end of the fourth act a publisher sent round for the author, and offered him six thousand francs for the right of publishing the play, and made him seal and sign upon the spot. At the end of the fifth a perfect delirium of applause burst forth—the author was loudly called for, even by the boxes. Mlle. Mars was all graciousness—her part had been an immense success—the actors were all smiles.

But next morning all the papers, except the '*Journal des Débats*,' furiously slashed '*Hernani*.' On the second night the fight commenced in earnest. For forty-five nights it was represented amidst hisses, laughter, slamming of doors, chaffing remarks; the audience sat with their backs to the stage, read books and carried on conversations; and the actors, by winks and signs of intelligence, encouraged this hostility. It was after-

wards calculated that not one line in the play had escaped hissing. But it brought large sums into the treasury. People paid their money to damn it; and it was only withdrawn at last on account of Mdlle. Mars obtaining leave of absence. The battle of the schools was fought throughout France. At Toulouse a young man fought a duel over 'Hernani,' and was killed; and at Vannes a corporal of dragoons put in his will that on his tombstone he desired to be inscribed—'Here lies a believer in Victor Hugo!'

Eight years afterwards 'Hernani' was represented at the same theatre with universal applause. 'How different it is now!' remarked one person to another. 'He has altered every line.' 'He has not altered one—it is the times and the tastes that have altered,' was the reply.

After the death of Talma, the fortunes of the Comédie Française had declined. Mdlle. Mars and certain new plays fitfully revived them; but its ancient glories were only restored with the *début* of Rachel in 1838. She appeared as Camille in 'Les Horaces.' Although the romantic school, through its

high priests, Dumas, Hugo, and Scribe, had driven the ancient drama from its undisputed position, it had not utterly conquered it. The vanquished had retreated, but the vanquishers were not thoroughly established upon the battle field. The friends of the classical school were in raptures at the appearance of Rachel, for in that repertory lay her strength; the friends of the romantic were silent and troubled, fearing their newly-acquired empire was about to be wrenched from them. But the day of Racine and Corneille was passing away. Since her death no great artiste has arisen to illustrate their works. Molière is still green and fresh, but classical tragedy, as in our own country, is almost extinct.

I cannot close this paper without adverting to the extraordinary longevity that has characterised the actors and actresses of the Comédie Française. Baron died at seventy-nine, Clairon at eighty, Quinault Dufresne at seventy-four, Dumesnil at ninety, Grandmesnil at seventy-nine, Duclos at eighty-three, Dugazon at sixty-six, Talma at sixty-one, and Mdlle. Mars at sixty-eight.





Drawn by H. Brown.

A SKETCH AT CROQUET

Illustration No. 10.

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Drawn by H. Briscoe.]

A SKETCH AT CROQUET.

[See Page 88.]

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

PARIS AND THE COMMUNE.

THE storm that burst upon Paris in blood and fire has now swept past, and the scene now resembles that of the billowy ocean in sunshine after a storm. The danger is that the catastrophe and its lessons should be forgotten. It will be something for us who know Paris well to be able hereafter to tell the next generation that we were familiar with those glorious courts and that long line of palaces; that we knew what it once was in the full blaze of imperial splendour to listen to the lordly music in the gardens of the Tuileries, or amidst the enchantment of the great fête-day, see the Emperor and wife and child show themselves from the balcony of the Château to a loyal and enthusiastic people; to speak of the fountains and columns, the marbled quays and the acreage of sumptuous palaces, splendid with white and gold and all splendour, now destroyed and defaced; to tell of the bright, sparkling boulevards, where, beneath the mild skies and in the soft air, the gay, light-hearted children of pleasure moved to and fro; to recall associations of the Madeleine and the Abbé Deguerry, of Notre Dame and the great Archbishop Darboy; to recall how once, from the unharmed Place de la Concorde, we looked on the unfallen Tuileries, on the undevastated Rue Royale; how from the unstained Arch of Triumph we looked forth on gardens of beauty and delight; how once in the Louvre one might spend days of study and observation amid the rich galleries of priceless treasures. We have urged months ago in this magazine that each day of the Reds would be worse than months of

war, and that the sole stable hope of France lay in a reversion to the monarchical principle; but we never had any dream so horrible as the murder of the so-called hostages and the conflagration of the capital of capitals. Paris will again be the Athens of the West; but never more again is it probable that it will wear that mantle of imperial sculptures, and that meridian, superhuman beauty that adorned the guilty yet glorious city at the epoch of the Second Empire. Alas! for the city that was so great with people! The smoke of her furnace ascended up to heaven. We have seen the nearest resemblance that history can give to the great Dies Iræ. All the terrors of the Apocalyptic Vials seemed to have been poured forth. Her moral shame is graved still deeper than the story of her ruin, Paris has become a by-word and a shaking of the head to the nations. On monarch and generals and statesmen, on the army that cannot wipe out defeat and dishonour by ferocity towards its conquered countrymen, on the base, cowardly National Guards, valuing their skin and coin above all human considerations, on the fiendlike Communist leaders, who have shown how the passions of hell may be let loose in the very home of vaunted civilization, and went far to solve the problem whether the existence of a kingdom of evil is conceivable, has the doom descended. On all classes in France had the penalties of the war devolved except that proletarian class which had been fed, clothed, and armed at the public expense, and which hated work and order;

and now their dishonoured dead are hid away and forgotten like the dead beneath the catacombs.

The dictatorship of M. Thiers constitutes an interregnum of the history. To our mind he is the man to be most deeply pitied and blamed in all France. He speaks of the glory that has been acquired by the Versaillais army. Amid all this tragedy and baseness and horror the word 'glory' should have, can have no place. It is the meteoric and hateful term which has poisoned the mind of M. Thiers, and has helped M. Thiers to poison the mind of France. The lying legend of Napoleonic glory which he taught France with such fatal and fluent eloquence, led to the wicked aggressive war against Prussia, which, as a proximate cause, led to the Communist supremacy of Paris. Thank God, the plain notion of duty has for English minds, superseded that of glory! Had the exile of Chislehurst understood this he would have averted the doom of Paris, and have secured his dynasty. Long ago Colonel Chesney spoke of M. Thiers' 'vision of a day when a meretricious romance based on his own figments should be accepted by the French for their national history.' But it is for nations as for individuals, when they have wandered from the paths of safety, to retrace their steps, though with difficulty and sorrow. France took the wrong line at her revolution, while we happened to take the right. The reason is that we in England have learned to look on politics as only one expression of national life, and have discovered that the true root of all politics lies in individual life and the culture of individual character. Mr. Carlyle would probably date back the ruin of Paris to the fatal apostasy of Henry of Navarre, when the king

and the nation elected to reject the new life that was proffered to Christendom. Mr. Carlyle is now writing, it is said, of this last French revolution, as he wrote of the first, and he will find pictures equally lurid, though infinitely less heroic. It is probable that we may not like all that he has to say; but we believe that he will be a safer guide, and will draw a sounder moral for France and Frenchmen than M. Thiers. It must be a corroding reflection for the Frenchman that his own vacillation caused the crowning horrors of Paris, and that he had not a tithe of the energy of that one brave man, Duranel, who saved Paris—and who will probably be forgotten.

The question arises how far the Communist revolution shadows forth any future epochs of European history. It has been said that all the unclean creatures of Europe had been swept into Paris as into a net. The great experiment of the Reds was tried on the most gigantic scale, and under the most favourable conditions; but it is odd and horrible to see how the sacred cause of 'humanity,' as the Socialists called it, broke down. Various men, who advocated the equal distribution of property were found to have appropriated immense sums to their private use. It is said that, shut up within a narrow space at Belleville, they turned to destroy one another, the party for death turning against the party for surrender. Then we had frightful immorality, cruelty, faithlessness, and treason among themselves. Then we have the beaten hound, grinding the teeth, shaking the fist, tearing the hair, until he is pronged, battered, tied at the cart-tail, hacked about, and shot. This is the worst scene that modern history has seen. Some say that scenes as bad are to be found elsewhere in modern history; but,

all things considered, we doubt this. But is the world likely to see anything more of this kind again? Are we in England likely to see any thing like it? We dare not speculate, and we are sure that any Communist attempts throughout Europe would be doomed to terrible repression; but we see that direct Atheism, the worship of force and intellect, the cruel and lustful worship of self, the abnegation of morality, of religion, of loyalty, of human rights, are all to be found in active existence in our midst. Nor are they to be found alone in the lower strata of English society. We see such in the occasional hints of physical force meant to overawe us by metropolitan mobs. But among the acutest and most cultivated writers of the day we find principles that do not remotely reproduce the opinions of the Commune. We are taking back from France the advantages we once gave her; our philosophical Radicals are borrowing from Comte just as the Encyclopedists did from Locke. There is of course a wide difference between speculation and action, and there is an immense interval before essays like some of those in the 'Fortnightly' are translated into acts like those of the leaders of the Commune; but probably there is a kind of logical connection between the two. We are not concerned for the ultimate result of any renewal of the atrocious attempts of the Communists, even if the Communists largely take refuge in England and develop their plans from an English base of operations; for, after all, the world is God's world, and not the devil's world, and the forces of evil are themselves bridled and controlled. We do not say that there were no good points among the Communists, no element of truth in their political visions.

It was so, for we are not discussing fiends, nor have yet arrived at the nethermost regions, though mighty strides towards the consummation of such a state of things have been made. It may yet be that we shall see such a distribution of national wealth that the rich will not be so rich or the poor so poor as they are now, when all work shall be better paid and honoured, and when odious caste distinctions will be infinitely modified; but the best hopes of humanity rest in Christianity, and not in Communism, that speaking of liberty, equality, and fraternity everywhere, really aims at selfish ends, and does not scruple to seek them by robbery, arson, and assassination.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

We have before us a batch of some half-dozen works of travel. Mrs. Harvey, the lady-traveller of the number, speaks of those who prefer travelling for half-an-hour when seated in their arm-chairs. We pledge ourselves not to keep our readers beyond that half-hour, although we need hardly say that a great many half-hours must be spent by critics in providing a single half-hour's provender for the voracious reader. It is only right that we should begin with the lady's book. Mrs. Harvey has written a very pleasant and agreeable volume.* Her sketches of Harem life are accurate and amusing. It was shy and tiring work at first, but she got into it. If we observe the Turks curiously they have also a cynical way of looking at us. Not without reason they laugh at the British hat, and they have invented a new mode of im-

* 'Turkish harems and Circassian Homes.' By Mrs. Harvey (of Ickwell Bury). Hurst and Blackett.

precation: 'May your fatigued and hated soul, when it arrives in purgatory, find no more rest than a Giaour's hat enjoys on earth!' The picture of Turkish homes is, after all, a very sorrowful one. Most of the women shrivel up soon, in great measure through the excessive use of the Turkish bath. The mortality of children is frightful, perhaps as much as in Christian nations. The poor wretches have incisions made in their flesh to let out 'the bad blood.' Mrs. Harvey's experiences at Sebastopol are very interesting. The place was utterly desolate, for the Russians have had no heart to rebuild it. The grass is growing on the ruined forts, and masts and wrecks still block up the harbour. She gathered some wild flowers and blades of grass to take home to the mothers of brave men whom she had known. She sought out some graves, where she planted sweet-smelling thyme and some blue flowers like the forget-me-not. Here she met some Russian ladies who had staid all through the siege; they showed her extraordinary kindness and attention. When the English landed in the Crimea the inhabitants were perfectly fearless for themselves, and were only astonished that a foreign army should thus court its own destruction. The heights of Alma were supposed to be insurmountable, and we have a vivid narrative of an evening party when a servant and messengers hurried into a saloon and announced that a party of foreign cavalry had been seen to enter a wood only a few versts from the house. The under-cliff of the Crimea is very charming, and Prince Woronzoff had a notion of cultivating the vine on a large scale; but the war threw the whole region back, and we question if the Emperor's new policy in the Black Sea is likely to restore its prospects.

Mrs. Harvey tried to see something of Circassia, and she is in a seventh heaven of admiration of the country. 'Words cannot paint the loveliness that is seen by the eye. To say that we saw before us a country that possessed, with the tender charm of English woodland scenery, the rich glow of the Italian landscape, and the grand majesty of Alpine ranges, gives but a feeble idea of the delicious beauty of the land we were gazing on.' Unfortunately, the Circassians confound all Europeans with the Russians, and the lady ran a real peril of being taken prisoner. She could only visit the parts held by the Russians, but she was satisfied that the Circassians were an infinitely finer race than their conquerors. Of course we have the inevitable digression on Schamyl. She was not in time to see any of the beautiful girls; the stock had been sold off. The girls did not object to being purchased by a rich pasha, and the parents were fully alive to the pecuniary advantages of such bargains. We can readily believe, on more grounds than one, that Circassia is the home of the European race. The Constantinopolitan beauties chiefly come from Georgia. The Georgians have a tie with Russia in belonging to the Greek Church. The Circassians do not seem to trouble themselves with any religion at all. 'They are amongst the few people in the world who make no sort of ceremony even on occasion of a marriage. A certain price having been covenanted for, the father takes his daughter to her new home, and there leaves her, having received the gun or horse for which she is considered the fair equivalent. A mountain woman is valuable, as she is an excellent beast of burden, and a very hard-working slave.'

There are two works before us

which take us to China.* Of these the remarkable work of Mr. Cooper in every respect deserves the precedence. He was a veritable pioneer of commerce. He travelled like a Chinaman, in pigtail and petticoats. His object was to open up an overland route between Calcutta and China for the extension of commerce. He did not succeed in the attempt, but such attempts succeed sooner or later, and Mr. Cooper's effort will always secure him an honourable place in the annals of British enterprise. Mr. Cooper is penetrated with the belief that a trade in tea is the only trade that can flourish between our Indian possessions and the adjacent Chinese dominions. He believes that if once the teas of Assam and the Himalayan plantations could gain admission to the Thibetan market, the Indian government would thence derive a revenue that would replace any falling off in the profits arising from the opium trade. Consequently the Chinese authorities keep the strictest watch on the frontiers of Assam, lest tea from the valley of the Brahmapootra should find its way into Thibet. Mr. Cooper had abundant reason to understand the vigilance and jealousy of the Chinese. Though he travelled as a Chinese, rejoicing in the name of Tang Koopah, employing the wretched opium-eating coolies, eating dog, and cultivating other native tastes; though he had all the help the Roman Catholic missionaries could give him, he simply travelled 'there and back again,' being forced back and obliged to return by the way that he came. The instructions given by the Chinese minister were that he

should at all hazards be stopped; and but for the wholesome dread of the British power, he would doubtless have been massacred by the Thibetan Llamas. There is something in the *Civis Romanus* doctrine after all.

Mr. Cooper's book might profitably have been abbreviated like his journey. The most amusing of his adventures was his being married unawares. He had halted to breakfast at a walnut grove, and a group of young girls with garlands on their heads surrounded him, and helped him to alight. They led him into the grove, seated him on the velvet turf by the spring, lighted his pipe, brought him sweetmeats, and prepared to regale him with a feast. A pretty girl of sixteen, in a silk dress, sat down beside him, while the others danced round him in a circle. At this point our traveller thought that he might as well get on his horse again and be well out of it. His servant informed him that according to the Thibet custom he was now married. Mr. Cooper could only say that this was not the way with English people, and they must take the girl back. Upon this there was a great lamentation. The relatives ran up and said that he must be a great scoundrel who wished to cast disgrace on a respectable family who had given him their daughter. The poor bride began to cry, and implored him to take her, lest she should be beaten when she got home. The compassionate heart of the traveller yielded to these entreaties. He put Lo-tzung on his mule, while the bevy of girls followed him, gave him flowers, and entreated him to be kind to his wife. They finally left him with an abundance of tears. After they were gone his new wife insisted that he should tie 'scarves of felicity' to a flagstaff, and kneel

* 'Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce: An Overland Journey from China towards India.' By T. T. Cooper. Murray.

'A Land Journey from Asia to Europe' by William Athearn Whyte, F.R.G.S. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

in prayer. This he absolutely refused, whereupon she wept in torrents, and informed him in broken-hearted accents that they would never be happy. Mr. Cooper taught her to call him father, and his intention was to hand her over to a Roman Catholic sisterhood; however, he found other means of restoring her to her friends. The troubles of this family connection were not however all over. On his involuntary return journey he was accosted by a comely Thibetan dame carrying a large bundle. She introduced herself as the mother of the little girl whom he had been obliged to part with, and offered to marry him herself. He in vain insisted that he was not a marrying man, and then declared that he would seek for protection from the authorities. She then affectionately kissed him on both cheeks and departed.

Mr. Cooper underwent great hardships, and at times had to fight for his life. He would have passed muster as a Chinese only his eyes betrayed him. 'The constant expectation of coming to grief had settled down into a dogged indifference that I had felt once before in my life, when in a gale of wind in the Southern Ocean. The ship, in which I was the only passenger, sprang a leak; for several days the water, despite the crew's exertions, kept gaining on the pumps, and as the truth gradually forced itself upon us that our sinking was merely a question of time, we grew perfectly indifferent, eating and sleeping as though nothing unusual had occurred, only the quiet and serious expression of all countenances spoke of the absence of hope in our hearts.' After this we may congratulate Mr. Cooper on returning home safe—and we may add heart-whole—to his native land.

Mr. Whyte in much corroborates

the Chinese experiences of Mr. Cooper. The state of China he tells is perfectly awful. With all that travellers have done, we have only scratched the surface of the country, and brought to light a little that lies below. Mr. Cooper gives a frightful account of the tyranny and robberies of the Chinese soldiers; Mr. Whyte holds that China is going rapidly into ruin. Peking is forsaken and dead; 'Decay' is the motto for the whole empire. Mr. Whyte is too violent in his language. He especially delights in abusing England. He is quite satisfied that all the murders lately perpetrated at Tientsin are due to the present English government. All this is damaging to Mr. Whyte's book, which is really pleasantly written, and reminds us a little of the second part of Robinson Crusoe. He travels over the great Mongolian desert, void and vast, as large as England, and bitterly cold. He is full of admiration of the noble savages he encounters, and he favourably contrasts barbarism with our effete civilization. His privations were many, his rest broken, his labours severe. Still he had started very ill, and in the desert he found himself quite well. 'I felt at this moment as strong and healthy as a man could wish to be. After all it was a life of the most perfect freedom; nothing to trouble one's mind about; no money difficulties, no bills to pay; doing as we liked, wandering where we would, nobody to question us, and no etiquette to follow as a standard of good manners.' The Siberian journey touches the old chord of 'Elizabeth and the Exiles of Siberia.' We have much talk about wolves. Many wolves were seen, but he was 'glad to be told that their larders had not required to be replenished.' When he had passed the desert, and found a

warm bath and a champagne dinner, he began to admit that civilization might have its advantages. The journey has been described before, but Mr. Whyte has given us an authentic and valuable memoir.

Public attention is just now directed to Switzerland and Norway on the part of the large army of those who begin to meditate a summer tour. Opportunely enough we have a new volume on each country.* Each volume, indeed, consists of reprints, but they are reprints which it is very well worth while to gather into volumes. Mr. Barnard's pictures of social life in Christiana are interesting, but the people of Christiana hardly accept them as photographs. His book is principally concerned with the salmon streams. The best of them are already leased to Englishmen. The Duke of Roxburgh has a famous salmon river in Finmark, amid the rich Alten scenery. There are frightful storms on the Norwegian seas, and even fishing on the rivers, where there are rapids, is at times nervous work. The grouse shooting at Hadselö is glorious. So is all the scenery and sport along the western coast. Mr. Barnard writes in an absolute vein of enthusiasm. However, the Norwegians are bestirring themselves against English travellers. They are preserving their game, and forbidding the use of the artificial fly on their rivers and streams.

We should mention, however, an admirable little book which for all practical purposes appears to be extremely useful, and will almost answer the purpose of a guide-book for Norway.† It con-

sists of papers originally contributed to the Journal of the Alpine Club, and they have been reprinted in the Norwegian language. One of the most interesting sections of the work relates to the almost unknown northern scenery, the district of Aardal, leading to the great Mœkfos, probably the finest waterfall in the north of Europe. Mr. Campbell pronounces that it is the gorge scenery in which Norway especially excels. He consoles those who cannot get salmon fishing by saying that the trout are plentiful and very large, and people will let any one fish for trout. The little volume abounds with practical hints. Also we have much interesting information about game, the fiords and the farms, the islands and mountains, the flora and fauna of the country—the kind of information exactly calculated to answer inquiry and stimulate further research. The author is an excellent draughtsman, and it would be well for all tourists if they followed Mr. Campbell's example in being able to talk the language and to sketch the scenery.

Professor Tyndall has made himself a great authority on the Alps. He is one of those in whom the Swiss themselves take the deepest interest. He is as well known at Zermatt as ever Sir Robert Peel was at Geneva. And he has made the Alps his own ground. There are few of his lectures and writings that are not redolent of that pure air and those elevated heights — 'the serene regions where dwell the pure forms.' This book is a valuable addition to the library that belongs to the subject, having something of the pleasant style of Mr. Leslie Stephen, and something of the scientific value of Mr. Ball's great work on the Alps. The average tourist, however, will not

* 'Sketches of Life, Scenery and Sport in Norway.' By Rev. M. R. Barnard. Cox. 'Hours of Exercise in the Alps.' By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. Longmans.

† 'How to see Norway.' By John R. Campbell. Longmans.

be released from his adhesion to Murray's 'Guide.' Professor Tyndall has brought together a variety of papers, including his three encounters with the Matterhorn, and has given completeness to his volume by reprinting in it two interesting papers by Mr. Gossett and Mr. Vaughan Hawkins; he moreover gives some British experiences of Killarney and Snowdon, and winds up with a popular and scientific account of his voyage to Algeria to observe the eclipse. In the Bay of Biscay he was caught in a gale, and the storm gave him 'a new form of grandeur.' He had been more comfortable even when scaling the Matterhorn. 'Nor was the outward agitation the only object of interest to me. I was at once subject and object to myself, and watched with intense interest the workings of my own mind. I thought that probably no one on board could say how much of this thumping and straining the "Ugent" would be able to bear.' The scientific object of the expedition was not realized, but it was not altogether barren of results, and Mr. Tyndall doubtless enjoys looking back upon his storm, now that it is over. After the custom of the physical philosophers of our day, he goes in for a little mental science, and discusses on the growth with growing years of his appreciation of scenery, which he sets down to 'the forgotten associations of a fargone ancestry.' The phrase is rather obscure, for how could Mr. Tyndall have forgotten that which he could never have known? His motto from James Russell Lowell is very good and true:—

'The brain

That forages all climes to line its cells
Will not distil the juices it has sucked
To the sweet substance of pellucid thought
Except for him who hath the secret
learned,

To mix his blood with sunshine and to take
The winds into his pulses.'

The object of 'The Nile without a Dragoman' is a practical one.* The book is very pleasantly written, and is a convenient volume which the Egyptian traveller will do well to take with him. For persons in delicate health the Nile will probably be a better health-resort even than Italy or the Riviera. But the trip is a most expensive one; and to those who cannot afford courier and dragoman the expense is almost prohibitive. This is a great pity, as the climate of Upper Egypt is in winter almost perfect. Mr. Eden speaks of 'invalids to whom to change the cold and damp, the constant variation and fatiguing length of an English winter, for the warmth, light and open air life of the same season in Egypt, would be an almost unmixed gain—to whom the change of habits, the novelty, and the absence of papers, letters and business, would be the best of tonics mental and physical.' The notion is delicious. Let me try and accomplish it next winter. The charges of a dragoman are preposterous. Mr. Eden very sensibly did without one; and will doubtless fire other travellers with a noble ambition to emulate his example. Mr. Eden went eight hundred miles, and saw the Southern Cross. He deserves honourable mention for not having even professed to take a shot at a crocodile, although he saw a most enormous specimen. There is no fish worth catching in the Nile; for really good fish are only found in cold waters. If we go up the Nile it shall be without a dragoman; and we will certainly take Mr. Eden's book, both on account of its many practical hints and as an agreeable *compagnon du voyage*.

F. ARNOLD.

* 'The Nile without a Dragoman.' By Frederic Eden. Henry S. King, Cornhill.

THE BROOK.

A PASTORAL BY BIRKET FOSTER.



The sultry noon sets all the hills aglow,
And drives the drowsy flocks to lip the stream ;
The glorious sun smiles down on all below,
And fills the world with one sweet summer dream.
The silver brooklet, murm'ring soft and slow,
Winds on its way through meadow-land and lea,
Through grassy banks, where reedy rushes grow,
And babbling bears its message to the sea.

Frontispiece.

LONDON SOCIETY.

AUGUST, 1871.



A YACHTMAN'S ROMANCE.

THE London season was over, and a considerable number of its late celebrities were collected in various pleasant spots closely contiguous to the waters of the Solent. Flighted beings had repaired to Cowes, and shattered hearts to Ryde. Gentlemen who were, in popular parlance, about 'done up,' were enjoying

themselves with an hilarity, that might have betokened the zenith of worldly prosperity and commercial success, in different crafts belonging to the pleasure fleet which covers the English Channel with animation during the months of July, August, and September. Of all social phenomena there is none probably more curious than